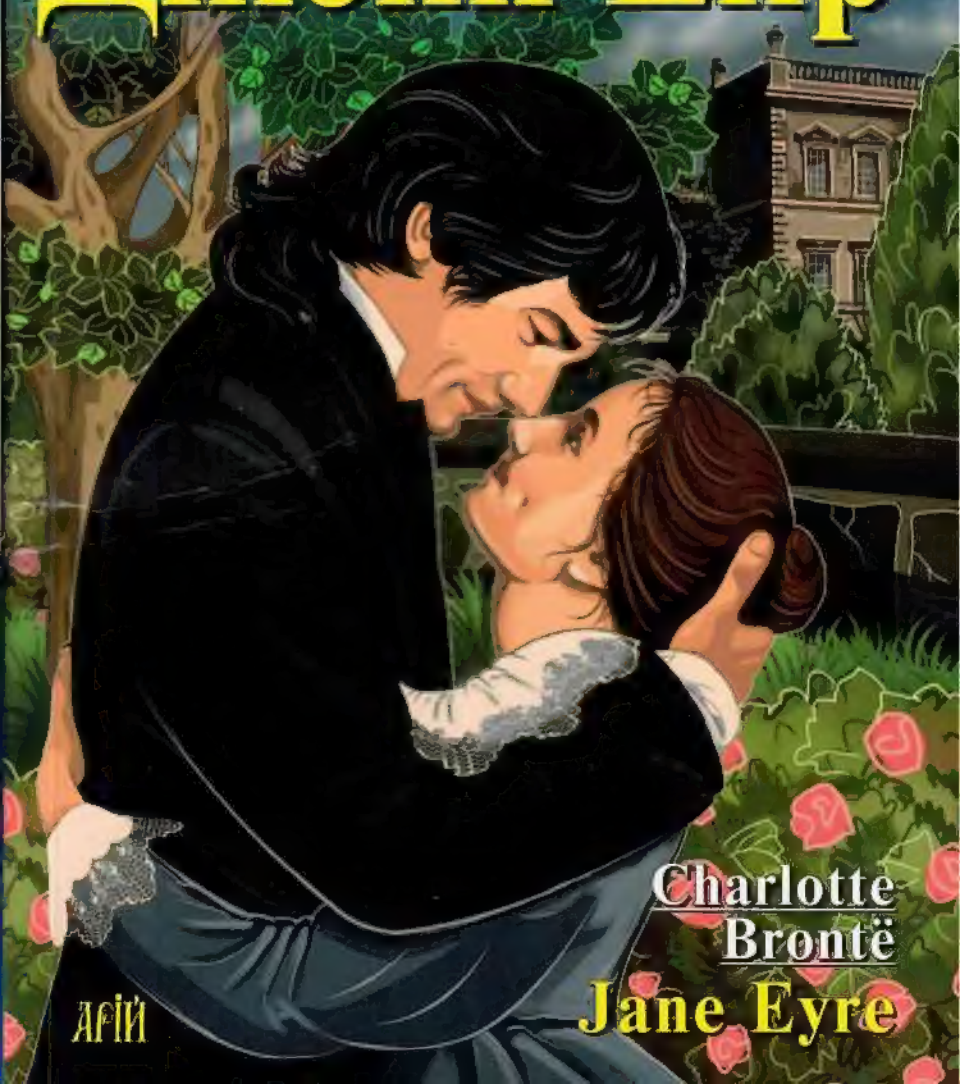


ЧИТАЮ
АНГЛІЙСЬКОЮ

English
Intermediate

Шарлотта Бронте

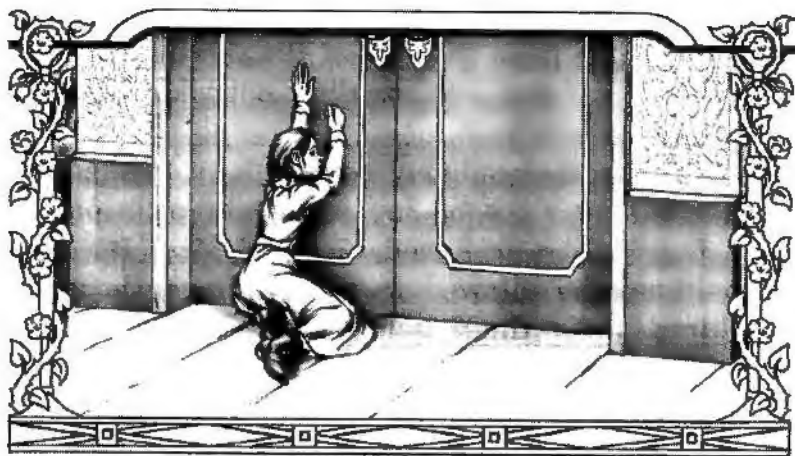
Джейн Ейр



Charlotte
Brontë

Jane Eyre

Афія



CHAPTER I

It was a cold, wet November afternoon at Gateshead, the home of my relatives, the Reeds. Me and the Reed children, Eliza, John, and Georgiana sat in the drawing room. John Reed was a schoolboy of fourteen years old; four years older than I, for I was but ten: large and stout for his age, with a dark and unhealthy skin; unusually tall for his age; illiterate. He ate too much habitually at table, which made him irritated, and gave him a dim and unclear eye and shrunken cheeks. He ought now to have been at school; but his mama had taken him home for a month or two, "on account of his delicate health."

John had not much affection for his mother and sisters, and an antipathy to me. He bullied and punished me; not two or three times in the week, nor once or twice in the day, but continually: every nerve I had feared him, and every morsel of flesh in my bones shrank when he came near.

My aunt was angry with me, purposely excluding me from the rest of the family, so I sat alone in a window seat, reading Bewick's History of British Birds.

As I quietly read, my cousin John tormented me, reminding me of my uncertain position in the family. As orphaned niece of Mrs. Reed, I should not be allowed to live with gentlemen's children. John threw a book at me and I called him a murderer and slave-driver. We fought, and I was blamed for the quarrel. As punishment, I was banished to the red-room.

As I was being dragged to the red-room, I resisted my jailors, Bessie and Miss Abbott. After the servants had locked me in, I began observing the red-room. It was the biggest and best room of the mansion, yet was rarely used because Uncle Reed had died there.

Looking into a mirror, I compared my image to that of a strange fairy. The oddness of being in a death-chamber seemed to have stimulated my imagination, and I felt superstitious about my surroundings. I was also contemplative. Why, I wondered, was I always the outcast?

My Uncle Reed — my mother's brother — had brought me into the household. On his deathbed, he had made his wife promise to raise me as one of her own children, but obviously, this promise had not been kept.

Suddenly, I felt a presence in the room and imagined it might be Mr. Reed, returning to earth to avenge his wife's violation of his last wish. I screamed and the servants came running into the

room. I begged to be removed from the red-room, but neither the servants nor Mrs. Reed had any sympathy for me. Believing that I was pretending to be afraid, Mrs. Reed vowed that I would be freed only if I maintained perfect stillness and submission. When everyone left, I fainted.

I awakened in my own bedroom, surrounded by the sound of muffled voices. I was still frightened but also aware that someone was handling me more tenderly than I had ever been touched before. I felt secure when I recognized Bessie and Mr. Lloyd, an apothecary, standing near the bed. Bessie was kind to me and even told another servant that she thought Mrs. Reed had been too hard on me. I spent the next day reading, and Bessie sang me a song.

After a conversation with me, Mr. Lloyd recommended that Mrs. Reed should send me away to school. I was excited about leaving Gateshead and beginning a new life. Overhearing a conversation between Miss Abbot and Bessie, I learnt that my father had been a poor clergyman who had married my mother against her family's wishes. As a result, my grandfather Reed had disinherited his daughter. A year after their marriage, my father caught typhus while visiting the poor, and both of my parents soon died within a month of each other and left me orphaned.

Following my discussion with Mr. Lloyd, I expected that I would soon be sent away to school. But the only change I noticed in my status following my experience in the red-room was that the boundary between me and the Reed

children was more solid. On January 15, after three months of waiting for a change, I was finally summoned to the breakfast-room. Here I found Mr. Brocklehurst waiting for me. Standing like a black pillar, Mr. Brocklehurst interviewed me about hell, sin, and the Bible. My aunt's worst suspicions about my moral character were confirmed when I declared to Brocklehurst that the Psalms were not interesting. As a final poke at me, Mrs. Reed declared that her niece was a liar, and Brocklehurst promised to alert the other members of the school to my deceitful nature.

I resented Mrs. Reed's statements about my character, and when we were alone together, I retaliated against my aunt. Angry and hurt, I declared that I was not a liar, that I was glad Mrs. Reed was not my relation, and, finally, that Mrs. Reed was hard-hearted. I felt a sense of triumph and exultation, and Mrs. Reed sheepishly left the room.

That afternoon lapsed in peace and harmony; and in the evening Bessie told me some of her most enchanting stories, and sang me some of her sweetest songs. Even for me life had its gleams of sunshine.

Comprehension tasks:

I. Answer the following questions:

1. Whom did Jane live with?
2. Where was Jane hiding at the beginning of the chapter?
3. What did John do to Jane?

4. Why didn't John like Jane?
5. How did Mrs. Reed punish Jane?
6. Why was Jane so frightened in the red-room?
7. What did she think of Mr. Reed?
8. Why was the red-room always empty?
9. Why did nobody in the house like Jane in her opinion?
10. Why do you think Mrs. Reed and her children did not like Jane?

II. Continue the sentences in your own words:

1. Mrs. Reed wished Jane to be _____.
2. What a face he had, _____.
3. I felt a presence in the red-room _____.
4. Jane gathered enough of _____.
5. Jane watched it ascending the drive with indifference _____.

III. Match the names of the children with their traits:

- | | |
|---------|-------------|
| | inquisitive |
| | rude |
| 1. Jane | haughty |
| | bilious |
| | dominant |
| | merciless |
| 2. John | downtrodden |
| | oppressed |
| | vulnerable |

IV. Fill in the blanks with prepositions or adverbs:

1. The further out-door exercise was now _____ of the question.
2. The entire house belonged _____ me.
3. The children were now clustered _____ their mama in the drawing-room.
4. He spent some three minutes in thrusting out his tongue _____ me.
5. John had not much affection _____ his mother and sisters.

IV. Give Ukrainian equivalents to the following words and phrases, make up your own sentences and write them down.

- large and stout for his age _____
- afternoon lapsed in peace _____
- the sound of muffled voices _____
- to retaliate against _____
- to be dragged _____
- to wait for a change _____
- overhearing a conversation _____
- to be blamed for the quarrel _____
- the best room of the mansion _____

V. Tell the story in the words of:

Mrs Reed
John.

CHAPTER II

January 19, the date of my departure from Gateshead had arrived. I rose at five o'clock in the morning, so that I'd be ready for the six o'clock coach. None of the family rose to bid me farewell, and I happily journeyed far away from the Reeds. The porter's wife was surprised that Mrs. Reed was allowing such a young child to travel alone. My imaginative nature was once again obvious, and I worried that kidnappers would catch me away at the inn where the coach stopped for dinner.

The day of my arrival at Lowood was rainy, windy, and dark. I was led through the unfamiliar, labyrinthine halls of Lowood, until I reached a large room in which eighty other girls sat doing their homework. I stood and warmed my numbed fingers over the blaze, then I looked round; there was no candle, but the uncertain light from the hearth showed, by intervals, papered walls, carpet, curtains, shining mahogany furniture: it was a parlour, not so spacious or splendid as the drawing-room at Gateshead, but comfortable enough. I was puzzling to make out the subject of a picture on the wall, when the door opened, and an individual carrying a light entered; another followed close behind.

The first was a tall lady with dark hair, dark eyes, and a pale and large forehead; her figure was partly enveloped in a shawl, her countenance was grave, her bearing erect.

"The child is very young to be sent alone," said she, putting her candle down on the table.

I explained to her that I had no parents. She inquired how long they had been dead: then how

old I was, what my name was, whether I could read, write, and sew a little: then she touched my cheek gently with her forefinger, and saying, she hoped I should be a good child, dismissed me along with Miss Miller.

The lady I had left might be about twenty-nine; the one who went with me appeared some years younger: the first impressed me by her voice, look, and air. Miss Miller was more ordinary; ruddy in complexion, though of a careworn countenance; hurried in gait and action, like one who had always a multiplicity of tasks on hand: she looked, indeed, what I afterwards found she really was, an under-teacher. Led by her, I passed from compartment to compartment, from passage to passage, of a large and irregular building; till, emerging from the total and somewhat dreary silence pervading that portion of the house we had traversed, we came upon the hum of many voices, and presently entered a wide, long room, with great deal tables, two at each end, on each of which burnt a pair of candles, and seated all round on benches, a congregation of girls of every age, from nine or ten to twenty. They were uniformly dressed in brown stuff frocks of quaint fashion, and long holland pinafores. It was the hour of study; they were engaged in conning over their to-morrow's task, and the hum I had heard was the combined result of their whispered repetitions.

Miss Miller signed to me to sit on a bench near the door, then walking up to the top of the long room she cried and commanded the duty team to collect books and get ready for supper.

The meal over, prayers were read by Miss Miller, and the classes filed off. To-night I was to be Miss Miller's bed-fellow; she helped me to

undress: when laid down I glanced at the long rows of beds, each of which was quickly filled with two occupants; in ten minutes the single light was extinguished, and amidst silence and complete darkness I fell asleep.

The night passed rapidly. I was too tired even to dream. When I unclosed my eyes, a loud bell was ringing; the girls were up and dressing; day had not yet begun to dawn, and a rush light or two burned in the room. I too rose reluctantly; it was bitter cold, and I dressed as well as I could for shivering, and washed when there was a basin at liberty, which did not occur soon, as there was but one basin to six girls, on the stands down the middle of the room. Again the bell rang: all formed in file, two and two, and in that order descended the stairs and entered the cold and dimly lit schoolroom: here prayers were read by Miss Miller; afterwards she called out —

“Form classes!”

Soon I saw the girls all drawn up in four semicircles, before four chairs, placed at the four tables; all held books in their hands, and a great book, like a Bible, lay on each table, before the vacant seat.

A distant bell tinkled: immediately three ladies entered the room, each walked to a table and took her seat. Miss Miller assumed the fourth vacant chair, which was that nearest the door, and around which the smallest of the children were assembled: to this inferior class I was called, and placed at the bottom of it.

During the first hour we repeated some prayers and read chapters from the Bible. Then the indefatigable bell now sounded for the fourth

time: the classes were marshalled and marched into another room to breakfast. I was now nearly sick from inanition, having taken so little the day before.

The refectory was a great, low-ceiled, gloomy room; on two long tables smoked basins of something hot, which, however, to my dismay, sent forth an odour far from inviting. From the van of the procession, the tall girls of the first class, rose the whispered words —

“Disgusting! The porridge is burnt again!”

“Silence!” exclaimed a voice; not that of Miss Miller, but one of the upper teachers, a little and dark personage, smartly dressed, but of somewhat morose aspect, who installed herself at the top of one table, while a more buxom lady presided at the other. Miss Miller occupied the foot of the table where I sat, and a strange, foreign-looking, elderly lady, the French teacher, as I afterwards found, took the corresponding seat at the other board. A long grace was said and a hymn sung; then a servant brought in some tea for the teachers, and the meal began.

The spoons were moved slowly: I saw each girl taste her food and try to swallow it; but in most cases the effort was soon relinquished. Thanks being returned for what we had not got, and a second hymn chanted, the refectory was evacuated for the schoolroom.

A quarter of an hour passed before lessons again began, during which the schoolroom was in a glorious riot; for that space of time it seemed to be permitted to talk loud and more freely, and they used their privilege.

A clock in the schoolroom struck nine; and the lessons began. I was still looking at the girls, and also at intervals examining the teachers — none of

whom precisely pleased me. The chief of Lowood, Miss Temple — Maria Temple, (for such was this lady) having taken her seat before a pair of globes placed on one of the tables, called the first class together round her, and commenced giving a lesson on geography; the lower classes were called by the teachers: repetitions in history, grammar went on for an hour; writing and arithmetic succeeded, and music lessons were given by Miss Temple to some of the elder girls. The duration of each lesson was measured by the clock, which at last struck twelve. The chief rose —

“I have a word to address to the pupils,” said she. “You had this morning a breakfast which you could not eat; you must be hungry: I have ordered that a lunch of bread and cheese shall be served to all.” The teachers looked at her with a sort of surprise.

“It is to be done on my responsibility,” she added, in an explanatory tone to them, and immediately afterwards left the room. The bread and cheese was presently brought in and distributed, to the high delight and refreshment of the whole school. Then we went to the garden.

I looked round the convent-like garden, and then up at the house — a large building, half of which seemed grey and old, the other half quite new. The new part, containing the schoolroom and dormitory, was lit by windows with bars, which gave it a church-like aspect; a stone tablet over the door bore this inscription: — “Lowood Institution. — This portion was rebuilt A.D. ---, by Naomi Brocklehurst, of Brocklehurst Hall, in this county.” “Let your light so shine before men, that

they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." — St. Matt. v. 16.

I read these words over and over again: I felt that an explanation belonged to them, and was unable fully to penetrate their import. Suddenly I saw a girl sitting on a stone bench near; she was bent over a book, it was "Rasselas;" a name that struck me as strange, and consequently attractive.

"Can you tell me what the writing on that stone over the door means? What is Lowood Institution?"

"This house where you are come to live."

"And why do they call it Institution? Is it in any way different from other schools?"

The girl explained that it was a charity-school for orphans. Different charitably-minded ladies and gentlemen in this neighbourhood and in London supplied some money by donation.

"Who was Naomi Brocklehurst?" was my next question.

"The lady who built the new part of this house as that tablet records, and whose son overlooks and directs everything here, he is treasurer and manager of the establishment. And Miss Temple has to answer to Mr. Brocklehurst for all she does. Mr. Brocklehurst buys all our food and all our clothes."

"And what are the other teachers called?"

"The one with red cheeks is called Miss Smith; she attends to the work, and cuts out — for we make our own clothes, our dresses, and cloaks, and everything; the little one with black hair is Miss Scatcherd; she teaches history and grammar, and hears the second class repetitions; and the one who wears a shawl, and has a pocket-handkerchief

tied to her side with a yellow ribbon, is Madame Pierrot: she comes from Lisle, in France, and teaches French."

"Do you like the teachers?"

"Well enough."

But at that moment the summons sounded for dinner. It consisted of indifferent potatoes and strange shreds of rusty meat, mixed and cooked together. After dinner, we immediately went to the schoolroom: lessons began again, and were continued till five o'clock.

The only marked event of the afternoon was, that I saw the girl with whom I had conversed in the verandah dismissed in disgrace by Miss Scatcherd from a history class, and sent to stand in the middle of the large schoolroom. The punishment seemed to me in a high degree ignominious, especially for so great a girl.

Comprehension tasks:

I. Put the sentences in order and number them, 1–10 (the task is based on Chapters 1–2)

- a) Jane fainted and waked up in her bed.
- b) John Reed threw a book at Jane.
- c) The day of my arrival at Lowood was rainy, windy, and dark.
- d) Mrs. Reed told Mr. Brocklehurst that Jane was a bad child.
- e) Jane was frightened while in the red-room.
- f) The breakfast at school was disgusting.
- g) Jane said goodbye to Bessie.
- h) Jane read a book full of pictures.
- i) Naomi Brocklehurst was the lady who built the new part of the school house.

- j) Jane talked to Mr Lloyd.
- k) During the first hour of the classes the girls repeated some prayers and read chapters from the Bible.
- l) Jane fought while she was taken away by Abbot and Bessie.
- m) Jane met Mr. Brocklehurst.
- n) Jane liked the teachers at Lowood school.
- o) The duration of each lesson was measured by the clock.
- p) Mr. Lloyd persuaded Mrs. Reed to let Jane go to school.

II. Answer the following questions:

1. What was the first Jane's impression of the school?
2. What was the main task of this school?
3. What were the girls taught? Was it interesting for Jane?
4. What was the girls' timetable?
5. Why did Miss Temple order a meal of bread and cheese for the girls?
6. Did Jane like her first day at school? Why do you think so? Find in the chapter any quotations to prove your thoughts.

III. Find the synonyms to the given words in the chapter. Make up your own sentences with the words you found, write them down.

view fast exhausted column locate gather
 tireless line up dining room trouble elegant
 sing give call talk penalty shameful

IV. Fill in the blanks with prepositions or adverbs:

1. Few children can eat when excited with the thoughts _____ a journey.
2. Bessie wrapped _____ some biscuits in a paper and put them into my bag.
3. Be sure and take good care _____ her.
4. I stood and warmed my numbed fingers _____ the blaze.
5. We passed _____ the hall and went out at the front door.
6. They were engaged in conning _____ their tomorrow's home tasks.
7. I saw them all drawn _____ in four semicircles.

V. Match the halves of the sentences:

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. The girl explained that it _____ | a) the hardihood thus to open a conversation with a stranger. _____ |
| 2. The punishment seemed to me _____ | b) and try to swallow it. _____ |
| 3. I hardly know where I found _____ | c) but to that feeling of isolation I was accustomed. _____ |
| 4. I saw each girl taste her food _____ | d) was a charity-school for orphans. _____ |
| 5. I stood lonely enough _____ | e) in a high degree ignominious. _____ |

VI. Write a short description of the Lowood school.

CHAPTER III

The next day started as before, getting up and dressing by rushlight; but this morning we were obliged to do without the ceremony of washing; the water in the jugs was frozen. The weather the preceding evening, and a keen north-east wind, whistling through the holes of our bedroom windows all night long, had made us shiver in our beds, and turned the contents of the ewers to ice.

Before the long hour and a half of prayers and Bible-reading was over, I felt ready to perish with cold. Breakfast-time came at last, and this morning the porridge was not burnt; the quality was eatable, the quantity small. How small my portion seemed! I wished it had been doubled.

In the course of the day I was registered a member of the fourth class, and regular tasks and occupations were given to me: still I had only been a spectator of the proceedings at Lowood; I was now to become an actor. At first, being little accustomed to learn by heart, the lessons appeared to me both long and difficult; the frequent change from task to task, too, confused me; and I was glad when, about three o'clock in the afternoon, Miss Smith put into my hands a border of muslin two yards long, together with needle, thimble, and sent me to sit in a quiet corner of the schoolroom, with directions to hem the same. At that hour most of the others were sewing likewise; but one class still stood round Miss Scatcherd's chair reading, and as all was quiet, the subject of their lessons could be heard. It was English history: among the readers I

observed my acquaintance of the verandah: at the beginning of the lesson, her place had been at the top of the class, but for some error of pronunciation, or some inattention to stops, she was suddenly sent to the very bottom. Even in that unclear position, Miss Scatcherd continued to make her an object of constant notice: she was continually addressing to her such phrases as the following: —

“Burns” (such it seems was her name: the girls here were all called by their surnames, as boys are elsewhere), “Burns, you are standing on the side of your shoe; turn your toes out immediately.” “Burns, you poke your chin most unpleasantly; draw it in.” “Burns, I insist on your holding your head up; I will not have you before me in that attitude.”

A chapter having been read through twice, the books were closed and the girls examined. The lesson had included part of the reign of Charles I, and girls should answer a lot of questions, most of them appeared unable to answer; still, every little difficulty was solved instantly when it reached Burns: her memory seemed to have retained the substance of the whole lesson, and she was ready with answers on every point. I kept expecting that Miss Scatcherd would praise her attention; but, instead of that, she suddenly cried out —

“You dirty, disagreeable girl! You have never cleaned your nails this morning!”

Burns made no answer: I wondered at her silence.

At that moment Miss Smith gave me another task. Till she dismissed me, I could not pursue my observations on Miss Scatcherd's movements. When

I returned to my seat, that lady was just delivering an order of which I did not catch the import; but Burns immediately left the class, she returned in half a minute, carrying in her hand a bundle of twigs tied together at one end. This threatening tool she presented to Miss Scatcherd with a respectful curtsy; then she quietly, and without being told, unloosed her pinafore, and the teacher instantly and sharply gave her a dozen strokes with the bunch of twigs. Not a tear rose to Burns' eye.

"Hardened girl!" exclaimed Miss Scatcherd; "nothing can correct you of your messy habits: carry the rod away."

Burns obeyed: I looked at her narrowly as she appeared from the book-closet; she was just putting back her handkerchief into her pocket, and the trace of a tear glistened on her thin cheek.

The play-hour in the evening I thought the pleasantest part of the day at Lowood: the bit of bread, the portion of coffee swallowed at five o'clock had revived vitality, if it had not satisfied hunger: the long limitation of the day was weakened; the schoolroom felt warmer than in the morning — its fires being allowed to burn a little more brightly.

Jumping over forms, and creeping under tables, I made my way to one of the fire-places; there, kneeling by the high wire grate, I found Burns, absorbed, silent, remote from all round her by the companionship of a book.

"Now," thought I, "I can perhaps get her to talk." I sat down by her on the floor. In a short talk I found that her name is Helen, Helen Burns, she is from a place farther north, quite on the

borders of Scotland. Sometimes she dreamed to go back home. And here, in Lowood, she was sent to get an education; and it would be of no use going away until she attained that object. As to the cruel treatment, she said that the Bible bids people return good for evil.

I heard her with wonder: I could not comprehend this doctrine of persistence; and still less could I understand or sympathise with the forbearance she expressed for her chastiser.

"I must dislike those who, whatever I do to please them, persist in disliking me; I must resist those who punish me unjustly. It is as natural as that I should love those who show me affection, or submit to punishment when I feel it is deserved."

"Read the New Testament, and observe what Christ says, and how He acts; make His word your rule, and His conduct your example."

"What does He say?"

"Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you and despitefully use you."

In her turn, Helen Burns asked me to explain, and I proceeded forthwith to pour out, in my own way, the tale of my sufferings and ill feelings. Bitter and truculent when excited, I spoke as I felt, without reserve or softening.

Helen heard me patiently to the end: I expected she would then make a remark, but she said nothing.

Helen's head, always drooping, sank a little lower as she finished this sentence. I saw by her look she wished no longer to talk to me, but rather

to converse with her own thoughts. She was not allowed much time for meditation: a monitor, a great rough girl, presently came up, exclaiming in a strong Cumberland accent —

“Helen Burns, if you don't go and put your drawer in order, and fold up your work this minute, I'll tell Miss Scatcherd to come and look at it!”

Helen sighed as her reverie fled, and getting up, obeyed the monitor without reply as without delay.

Comprehension tasks:

I. Find quotations which show Jane's feelings towards:

- Lowood
- Helen Burns
- The teachers.

II. Make notes on how Jane describes:

- her school day
- her hesitation as to Helen's words.

Using these notes get ready to make a short speech on these topics.

III. Answer the following questions:

1. Do you think Jane liked the school? Why?
2. What kind of girl was Helen? Find any quotations to prove it.
3. What did the schoolgirls usually do at their play-time?
4. What was Helen's attitude towards her punishment?
5. How did Jane regard Helen's advice?

IV. Continue the sentences in your own words:

1. Jane at last made acquainted with Hellen....
2. At first, being little accustomed to learn by heart, the lessons...
3. As to the cruel treatment...
4. I must dislike those who...
5. I heard her with wonder: ...

V. Give Ukrainian equivalents to the following words and phrases, make up your own sentences and write them down.

truculent attain converse comprehend
pinafore curtsy pursue comprise fender

VI. Translate the following passages into Ukrainian:

1. I was glad when, about three o'clock in the afternoon, Miss Smith put into my hands a border of muslin two yards long, together with needle, thimble, and sent me to sit in a quiet corner of the schoolroom, with directions to hem the same.
2. At first, being little accustomed to learn by heart, the lessons appeared to me both long and difficult.
3. I heard her with wonder: I could not comprehend this doctrine of endurance; and still less could I understand or sympathise with the forbearance she expressed for her chastiser.

4. I looked at her narrowly as she emerged from the book-closet; she was just putting back her handkerchief into her pocket, and the trace of a tear glistened on her thin cheek.
5. I must dislike those who, whatever I do to please them, persist in disliking me; I must resist those who punish me unjustly. It is as natural as that I should love those who show me affection, or submit to punishment when I feel it is deserved.

VII. Translate the following passages into English and write them down:

1. Не встигла ще закінчитися година, що тягнулася нескінченно, присвячена молитві та читанню Біблії, як я вже буквально одерев'яніла від холоду.
2. Я з цікавістю прислухалася до читання, помічаючи про себе, як відповідає та чи інша дівчинка.
3. Каміни горіли трохи яскравіше, так як повинні були замінювати ще не запалені свічки; відблиски багряного полум'я, невимущена жвавність і змішаний гул багатьох голосів давали відчуття жаданої волі.
4. Вона стояла на колінах біля високої камінної решітки, мовчки, не помічаючи нічого, що відбувається навколо, занурена в книгу, яку вона читала при тьмяному світлі вугілля.
5. Але ж це принизливо, коли тебе січуть або ставлять посеред кімнати, де стільки народу.

CHAPTER IV

My first quarter at Lowood seemed an age; and not the golden age either; it comprised an irksome struggle with difficulties in habituating myself to new rules and unusual tasks. The fear of failure in these points worried me worse than the physical hardships of my lot; though these were no trifles.

During January, February, and part of March, the deep snows, and, after their melting, the almost impassable roads, prevented our stirring beyond the garden walls, except to go to church; but within these limits we had to pass an hour every day in the open air. Our clothing was poor to protect us from the severe cold: we had no boots, the snow got into our shoes and melted there: our ungloved hands became numbed and covered with chilblains, as were our feet: I remember well the distracting irritation I endured from this cause every evening, when my feet sore; and the torture of pulling the swelled, painful, and firm toes into my shoes in the morning. Then the scanty supply of food was distressing: with the keen appetites of growing children, we had scarcely sufficient to keep alive a delicate invalid. From this lack of food caused an abuse, which pressed hardly on the younger pupils: whenever the hungry great girls had an opportunity, they would coax or threaten the little ones out of their portion. Many a time I have shared between two claimants the precious morsel of brown bread distributed at tea-time; and after giving

up to a third half the contents of my mug of coffee, I have swallowed the remainder with an accompaniment of secret tears, forced from me by the urgent need of hunger.

Sundays were dreary days in that wintry season. We had to walk two miles to Brocklebridge Church, where our patron officiated. We set out cold, we arrived at church colder: during the morning service we became almost paralyzed. It was too far to return to dinner, and an allowance of cold meat and bread, in the same scarce proportion observed in our ordinary meals, was served round between the services.

The Sunday evening was spent in repeating, by heart, the Church Catechism, and the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of St. Matthew; and in listening to a long sermon, read by Miss Miller, whose irrepressible yawns testified her tiredness. The remedy was, to thrust them forward into the centre of the schoolroom, and oblige them to stand there till the sermon was finished. Sometimes their feet failed them, and they sank together in a heap; they were then propped up with the monitors' high stools.

I have not yet mentioned to the visits of Mr. Brocklehurst; and indeed that gentleman was from home during the greater part of the first month after my arrival; perhaps prolonging his stay with his friend the archdeacon: his absence was a relief to me. I need not say that I had my own reasons for dreading his coming: but come he did at last.

One afternoon (I had then been three weeks at Lowood), as I was sitting with a slate in my hand, puzzling over a sum in long division, my eyes, raised in abstraction to the window, caught sight of a figure just passing: I recognised almost instinctively that skinny outline; and when, two minutes after, all the school, teachers included, it was not necessary for me to look up in order to ascertain whose entrance they thus greeted.

He stood at Miss Temple's side; he was speaking low in her ear. I could hear that he reproached her for lunch, which she ordered to give girls; for rather often changes of white-collars by some of the girls. He also stressed that his purpose in bringing up these girls was to instill in them the endurance, patience and the ability to self-denial. If they came upon a small disappointment as the spoiled breakfast: some salted or salted insufficiently dishes, this test shouldn't be soften.

"Your directions shall be attended to, sir," said Miss Temple.

Then he examined the girls' appearance and ordered to lead girls' hairstyles in proper condition. Mr. Brocklehurst was here interrupted: three other visitors, ladies, now entered the room. These ladies were deferentially received by Miss Temple, as Mrs. and the Misses Brocklehurst, and conducted to seats of honour at the top of the room.

Still, while gathering up the talk of Mr. Brocklehurst and Miss Temple, I had not, at the same time, ignored precautions to secure my

personal safety. I had held my slate in such a manner as to conceal my face: I might have escaped notice, had not my treacherous slate somehow happened to slip from my hand, and falling with an obtrusive crash. I was paralysed.

"Fetch that stool," said Mr. Brocklehurst, pointing to a very high one from which a monitor had just risen: it was brought.

"Place the child upon it. You see she is yet young; you observe she possesses the ordinary form of childhood; God has graciously given her the shape that He has given to all of us; no signal deformity points her out as a marked character. Who would think that the Evil One had already found a servant and agent in her? Yet such, I grieve to say, is the case."

"Let her stand half-an-hour longer on that stool, and let no one speak to her during the remainder of the day."

There was I, then, set in the air; I, who had said I could not bear the shame of standing on my natural feet in the middle of the room, was now exposed to general view on a pedestal of shame. What my sensations were no language can describe; but just as they all rose, stifling my breath and tightened my throat, a girl came up and passed me: in passing, she lifted her eyes. What a strange light inspired them! What an extraordinary sensation that ray sent through me! How the new feeling bore me up! It was as if a martyr, a hero, had passed a slave or victim, and imparted strength in the transit. I mastered the rising hysteria, lifted up my head,

and took a firm stand on the stool. Helen Burns asked some slight question about her work of Miss Smith, was scolded for the triviality of the inquiry, returned to her place, and smiled at me as she again went by. What a smile! I remember it now, and I know that it was the result of fine intellect, of true courage; it lit up her marked features, her thin face, her sunken grey eye, like a reflection from the aspect of an angel. Yet at that moment Helen Burns wore on her arm "the untidy badge;" scarcely an hour ago I had heard her condemned by Miss Scatcherd to a dinner of bread and water on the morrow because she had stained an exercise in copying it out. Such is the imperfect nature of man! Such spots are there on the disc of the clearest planet; and eyes like Miss Scatcherd's can only see those minute defects, and are blind to the full brightness of the sphere.

Comprehension tasks:

I. Answer the following questions:

1. Why did Miss Temple order a meal of bread and cheese for the girls?
2. How did Mr. Brocklehurst react when he heard about it?
3. Why did Mr. Brocklehurst punish Jane?
4. What was the punishment?
5. How did Helen help Jane during her punishment?

II. Match the halves of the sentences:

1) While gathering up the discourse of Mr. Brocklehurst and Miss Temple

a) I had my own reasons for dreading his coming.

2) It was as if a martyr

b) to protect us from the severe cold.

3) I need not say that

c) I had not, ignored precautions to secure my personal safety.

4) Our clothing was insufficient

d) in them the endurance, patience and the ability to self-denial.

5) His purpose in bringing up these girls was to instill

e) had passed a slave or victim, and imparted strength in the transit.

CHAPTER V

When school was dismissed, I fell to the floor, filled with self-pity and shame at what all the students thought of me because of Mr. Brocklehurst's false accusations. Helen assured me that everyone actually sympathized with my mistreatment. I told Helen of my aching need to have love from others to survive, but Helen explained me that I put too much stock in love from others; the reward of spirituality and the glorious afterlife should be our ballast. Miss Temple found us and took Helen and me to her room, where she asked me to tell my version of the story concerning Mrs. Reed. I did, strongly insisting upon my innocence, and also mentioned Mr. Lloyd's visit to me during my illness. Miss Temple believed me and promised to write Mr. Lloyd for confirmation; when he did, my name would be cleared. She treated the girls to tea and cake and discussed intellectual matters with Helen.

The bedtime bell broke the heavenly atmosphere, and Miss Scatcherd told off Helen for mess as soon as the girls entered their bedroom. The next day Helen had to wear the word "Slattern" on a paper crown around her forehead; at the end of the day, I tore it off for her and burnt it. A week later Miss Temple announced to the school that my name had been cleared of all of Mr. Brocklehurst's charges, and I was officially reaccepted into the community. I was relieved to be cleared of blame and worked harder in class, particularly in French and drawing. Despite its failings, Lowood was beginning to grow on me.

III. Find in the text the synonyms to the given words. Make up your own sentences with the words you found, write them down.

mind lightened common lean
request faulty upset guide person harmed
ease hardly open

As spring arrived, Lowood became a more pleasant place. However, the warmer temperatures and dampness of the neighboring forest were ideal for increasing disease, and more than half the girls at the school fell ill with typhus. The disease was particularly bad because of the careless care that the students received at the school. I, one of the healthy students, enjoyed the outdoors, all the more so because Mr. Brocklehurst no longer visited the school. I was shocked to learn that Helen was dying, not of typhus, but of consumption. I was not allowed to visit Helen in Miss Temple's room, but I sneaked in at night, hoping for one last conversation. Helen accepted her coming death and place in heaven, and told me not to grieve for her; she was happy to be entering heaven. I fell asleep in her arms, and Helen died during the night. Her grave was unmarked at first, but fifteen years later, a marble tablet was placed over it inscribed with the Latin word "Resurgam," or "I will rise again."

Helen supported my Christian beliefs to the moment of her death, and she fulfilled her representation as a Christ figure for me, dying so that I could learn more of what it meant to be a Christian. Although my devotion to Helen was moving, I continued to question Helen's unshakable faith; I wondered, though did not speak aloud, if heaven truly existed. Although I was not willing to accept fully everything that Helen confessed, the "Resurgam" tablet on Helen's grave (placed by Jane, it seems) indicated that I had adapted Helen's beliefs to my own ideology.

Comprehension tasks:

I. Answer the following questions:

1. What was the most aching Jane's need while she was at school?
2. What did Miss Temple promise Jane to do?
3. When and why did Jane feel the great relief?
4. Who helped Jane to make her name cleared?
5. Why was Hellen punished?
6. What was the punishment?
7. What happened to Hellen?
8. Did Jane accept Helen's beliefs? Why did she do it?

II. Put these names in the spaces. Use some names more than once.

Jane Helen Miss Temple Mr. Lloyd Mr. Brocklehurst

Helen tells Jane that nobody likes (a)..... . Then (b) writes a letter to (c) asking him about Jane. Later (d) tells everyone that (e) is not wicked. A fever breaks out at the school, and (f) helps the sick girls, although (g) does not visit the school. (h) is not affected by the fever, but (i) becomes ill and moves into (j) 's room. Later (k) dies.

III. Continue the sentences in your own words:

1. Jane sneaked in Miss Temple's room at night....
2. Miss Temple promised to write Mr. Lloyd

3. Later Miss Temple announced to the school... .
4. Although Jane was not willing to accept fully everything that Helen confessed
5. As spring arrived... .

IV. Give Ukrainian equivalents to the following words and phrases, make up your own sentences and write them down.

- all the students despise _____
- aching need _____
- scold _____
- despite its failings _____
- because of the neglectful care _____
- grieve _____
- unshakable faith _____

V. Translate the following passages into English in written form.

1. Гелен запевнила Джейн, що вона насправді співчуває їй через її жорстоку поведінку.
2. Погода сприяла розповсюдженню захворювань.
3. Наступного дня Гелен повинна була носити паперову корону з написом «Нечепура» як покарання.
4. Своєю смертю Гелен показала, що означає бути справжньою християнкою.

Still I have recorded in detail the events of my insignificant existence: for the first ten years of my life. But this is not to be a regular autobiography. I will appeal to my Memory where I know her responses will possess some degree of interest; therefore I now pass a space of eight years almost in silence: a few lines only are necessary to keep up the links of connection.

The epidemic of typhus fever incited an investigation into Lowood's unhealthy conditions and Mr. Brocklehurst's management of the school, and a new group of overseers took control of the school. Without Mr. Brocklehurst's dishonor, the quality of the school improved immensely, and I and the other students were able to focus on our education.

Miss Temple, through all changes, had thus far continued superintendent of the school: to her instruction I owed the best part of my acquirements; her friendship and society had been my continual comfort; she had stood me in the stead of mother, governess, and, latterly, companion. At this period she married, removed with her husband (a clergyman, an excellent man, almost worthy of such a wife) to a distant county, and consequently was lost to me.

From the day she left I was no longer the same: with her was gone every settled feeling, every association that had made Lowood in some degree a home to me. I had absorbed from her something of her nature and much of her habits: more harmonious thoughts: what seemed better

regulated feelings had become the inmates of my mind. I had given in loyalty to duty and order; I was quiet; I believed I was content: to the eyes of others, usually even to my own, I appeared a disciplined and subordinate character.

An age seemed to have run since the day which brought me first to Lowood, and I had never left it since. My vacations had all been spent at school: Mrs. Reed had never sent for me to Gateshead; neither she nor any of her family had ever been to visit me. I had had no communication by letter or message with the outer world. And now I felt that it was not enough; I tired of the routine of eight years in one afternoon. I desired liberty; for liberty I gasped; for liberty I prayed. I abandoned it and framed a more modest request; for change, stimulus: that petition, too, seemed swept off into uncertain space: "Then," I cried, half desperate, "grant me at least a new servitude!"

"What do I want? A new place, in a new house, amongst new faces, under new circumstances: I want this because it is of no use wanting anything better. How do people do to get a new place? They apply to friends, I suppose: I have no friends. There are many others who have no friends, who must look about for themselves and be their own helpers; and what is their resource?"

"How? I know nothing about advertising."

Replies rose smooth and prompt now: —

"You must enclose the advertisement and the money to pay for it under a cover directed to the editor of the Herald; you must put it, the first opportunity you have, into the post at Lowton;

answers must be addressed to J.E., at the post-office there; you can go and inquire in about a week after you send your letter, if any are come, and act accordingly."

With earliest day, I was up: I had my advertisement written, enclosed, and directed before the bell rang to rouse the school; it ran thus: —

"A young lady accustomed to tuition" (had I not been a teacher two years?) "is desirous of meeting with a situation in a private family where the children are under fourteen (I thought that as I was barely eighteen, it would not do to undertake the guidance of pupils nearer my own age). She is qualified to teach the usual branches of a good English education, together with French, Drawing, and Music" (in those days, reader, this now narrow catalogue of accomplishments, would have been held tolerably comprehensive). "Address, J.E., Post-office, Lowton, ---shire."

The succeeding week seemed long: it came to an end at last. I found myself afoot on the road to Lowton.

My task on this occasion was to get measured for a pair of shoes; so I did that business first, and when it was done, I stepped across the clean and quiet little street from the shoemaker's to the post-office: it was kept by an old dame, who wore horn spectacles on her nose, and black mittens on her hands.

"Are there any letters for J.E.?" I asked.

She peered at me over her spectacles, and then she opened a drawer and fumbled among its contents for a long time, so long that my hopes began to

falter. At last, having held a document before her glasses for nearly five minutes, she presented it across the counter, accompanying the act by another inquisitive and mistrustful glance — it was for J.E.

I put it in my pocket and turned my face homeward: I could not open it then; rules obliged me to be back by eight, and it was already half-past seven.

Various duties awaited me on my arrival. And at last I took out my letter; the seal was an initial F.; I broke it; the contents were brief.

"If J.E., who advertised in the — shire Herald of last Thursday, possesses the acquirements mentioned, and if she is in a position to give satisfactory references as to character and competency, a situation can be offered her where there is but one pupil, a little girl, under ten years of age; and where the salary is thirty pounds per annum. J.E. is requested to send references, name, address, and all particulars to the direction: —

"Mrs. Fairfax, Thornfield, near Millcote, — shire."

I examined the document long: the writing was old-fashioned and rather uncertain, like that of an elderly lady. This circumstance was satisfactory: a private fear had pursued me, that in thus acting for myself, and by my own guidance, I ran the risk of getting into some scrape; and, above all things, I wished the result of my efforts to be respectable. I thought about new place and fall asleep.

I now busied myself in preparations: the fortnight passed rapidly. I had not a very large wardrobe, though it was adequate to my wants.

The box was corded, the card nailed on. A phase of my life was closing to-night, a new one opening tomorrow: impossible to slumber in the interval; I must watch feverishly while the change was being accomplished.

Before I left to take up this position, I was overjoyed by a visit from Bessie, who was now married to the coachman, Robert Leaven. Bessie brought news of the Reed family, informing me that John had become a compulsive gambler and alcoholic while Georgiana had attempted to go off with a certain Lord Edwin Vere but her plans had been upset by Eliza's intervention. Bessie also mentioned that Mr. John Eyre, my uncle, had come to Gateshead seven years ago in an effort to contact me before sailing to Madeira to work as a wine-merchant. After the brief visit, Bessie and I parted ways, and I began my adventure at Thornfield Manor.

Comprehension tasks:

I. Answer the following questions:

1. How long did Jane spend in Lowood school?
2. Who was her best friend at the school for all these years?
3. Why did Jane want to leave the Lowood school?
4. How did she solve this problem?
5. What position did Jane get?
6. How did Jane get a new position?

II. Match the halves of the sentences:

1) The quality of the school improved immensely, and

a) of getting into some scrape.

2) I had had no communication

b) because it is of no use wanting anything better.

3) I wanted a new place, in a new house, amongst new faces

c) I and the other students were able to focus on our education.

4) I ran the risk

d) a new one opening tomorrow.

5) A phase of my life was closing to-night,

e) by letter or message with the outer world.

III. Find the synonyms to the given words in the chapter. Make up your own sentences with the words you found, write them down.

different distressed interference
a period of two weeks personal fair
competent cause worthy want

IV. Fill in the blanks with prepositions or adverbs:

1. I stepped _____ the clean and quiet little street from the shoemaker's to the post-office.
2. Before Jane left to take _____ this position, she was overjoyed by a visit from Bessie.
3. Various duties awaited me _____ my arrival.
4. A new place, in a new house, _____ new faces, under new circumstances: I want this because it is of no use wanting anything better.
5. I had imbibed _____ her something of her nature.

V. Translate the following sentences into English in written form.

1. Тепер я зайнялася підготовкою: два тижні швидко минуло.
2. Вона була у нестямі від радості відвідуючи Бессі, яка була зараз заміжня за кучером, Роберт Лівеном.
3. Я довго розглядала документ: почерк був старомодним і досить непевним, як у літньої леді.
4. Я піддавалась ризику потрапити в якусь колотнечу.
5. Школа покращала безмірно, і я, як і інші учениці мали можливість зосередитись на нашій освіті.

VI. Make a short speech on changes in Jane's character, and what influenced these changes.

CHAPTER VII

A new chapter in a novel is something like a new scene in a play; and when I draw up the curtain this time, reader, you must fancy you see a room in the George Inn at Millcote, with such large figured papering on the walls as inn rooms have; such a carpet, such furniture, such ornaments on the mantelpiece, such prints, including a portrait of George the Third, and another of the Prince of Wales, and a representation of the death of Wolfe. All this is visible to you by the light of an oil lamp hanging from the ceiling, and by that of an excellent fire, near which I sit in my cloak and bonnet; my muff and umbrella lie on the table, and I am warming away the numbness and chill contracted by sixteen hours' exposure to the rawness of an October day: I left Lowton at four o'clock a.m., and the Millcote town clock is now just striking eight.

Reader, though I look comfortably accommodated, I am not very calm in my mind. I am sitting waiting at the George Inn at Millcote, because no one has arrived from Thornfield to pick me up. Just as I am becoming anxious, a servant arrives for me. I pray God Mrs. Fairfax may not turn out a second Mrs. Reed; but if she does, I am not bound to stay with her! Let the worst come to the worst, I can advertise again. How far are we on our road now, I wonder?

Soon I let down the window and looked out; Millcote was behind us; judging by the number of its lights, it seemed a place of considerable measurements, much larger than Lowton. We were now, as far as I could see, on a sort of common; but there were houses scattered all over the district; I felt we were in a different region to Lowood,

more populous, less picturesque; more stirring, less romantic.

Soon the car stopped at the front door; it was opened by a maid-servant; I alighted and went in. Despite its imposing architecture, Thornfield was inviting. Mrs. Fairfax proved to be a neat, mild-looking elderly lady, who greeted me kindly.

For the first time, I learnt of the existence of Mr. Rochester, the owner of Thornfield. I also discovered that my new pupil, Adele Varens, was Rochester's ward. Meeting eight-year-old Adele, I was surprised to find her and her nurse, Sophie, were French and spoke little English. Adele's mother was a dancer and singer, and Adele was also an adept performer, who sang an opera song for me. After her mother was taken to the "Holy Virgin", Adele lived with Madame Frederic and her husband for a while, but the Frederics were too poor to look after her, so Rochester kindly brought her to England.

Mrs. Fairfax gave me some information about Rochester and his family: He was somewhat peculiar, but a good master, and in general, the Rochesters had been a violent rather than a quiet family. As I toured the house with Mrs. Fairfax, I suddenly heard a strange, disquieting laugh. Mrs. Fairfax told me that the laugh belonged to Grace Poole, an eccentric servant.

Comprehension tasks:

I. Think of these questions:

1. Imagine that Miss Temple didn't marry and stayed at Lowood. Would Jane have stayed there as well, or she would still have had a desire for change?

2. What were Jane's thoughts on her way to Thornfield?
3. What information about the Rochesters did Jane get during her first day at Thornfield?
4. What is Adele Varens' relationship to Edward Rochester?
5. Why do you think he decided to take care of her?

II. Imagine you are Jane Eyre. You are spending your first night at Thornfield. Write a letter to your friend Miss Temple. Tell her about your journey and your impressions of the house and Miss Fairfax.

III. Translate the following sentences into Ukrainian:

1. Fairfax may not turn out a second Mrs. Reed; but if she does, I am not bound to stay with her!
2. Adele's mother was a dancer and singer, and Adele is also an adept performer, who sings an opera song for me.
3. I am warming away the numbness and chill contracted by sixteen hours' exposure to the rawness of an October day.
4. Everything appeared very stately and imposing to me; but then I was so little accustomed to grandeur.
5. He is somewhat "peculiar," but a good master, and in general, the Rochesters have been a "violent" rather than a "quiet" family.

CHAPTER VIII

Thornfield met up to my initial expectations: calm and comfortable. Mrs. Fairfax turned out to be what she appeared, a placid-tempered, kind-natured woman, of competent education and average intelligence. Adele was a lively, spoiled child, but she was also obedient and teachable. She had no great talents, no marked traits of character, no peculiar development of feeling or taste which raised her one inch above the ordinary level of childhood; but neither had she any lack or defect which sank her below it. She made reasonable progress, entertained for me alive, though perhaps not very deep, affection; and by her simplicity, funny prattle, and efforts to please, inspired me, in return, with a degree of attachment sufficient to make us both content in each other's society.

I still longed for the busy world of the city, for variety, for conversation with my peers. "Women are supposed to be very calm generally: but women feel just as men feel; they need exercise for their capacities, and a field for their efforts as much as their brothers do; they suffer from too hard a restriction, too absolute a stagnation, precisely as men would suffer; and it is narrow-minded in their more privileged fellow-creatures to say that they ought to confine themselves to making puddings and knitting stockings, to playing on the piano and embroidering bag." A restlessness existed in my nature that caused my pain. Walking along

the corridor of the third story of the house was my only way of easing this discomfort.

When I was alone, I not unfrequently heard Grace Poole's laugh: the same peal, the same low, slow hal hal which, when first heard, had thrilled me: I heard, too, her eccentric murmurs; stranger than her laugh. There were days when she was quite silent; but there were others when I could not account for the sounds she made. Sometimes I saw her: she would come out of her room with a basin, or a plate, or a tray in her hand, went down to the kitchen and shortly returned, generally bearing a pot of porter. Her appearance always acted as a damper to the curiosity raised by her oral strangeness: hard-featured and staid, she had no point to which interest could attach. I made some attempts to draw her into conversation, but she seemed a person of few words: a monosyllabic reply usually cut short every effort of that sort.

Several months passed, and one day in January, I took a long walk through the fields surrounding Thornfield. As I sat on a hill, watching the moon rising, a noise broke my dreaminess; a horse was coming up the lane. While I watched for the horse, I thought of a North-of-England spirit Bessie had once told me about, called a Gytrash. Assuming the form of a horse, mule or large dog, the Gytrash often scared lonely travelers. After thinking this, I saw a huge Newfoundland dog gliding through the bushes. A man rode into view, and breaking my spell. His horse slipped on a patch of ice, and the man fell. I felt no fear of him, and but little shyness. Had he been a handsome, heroic-looking

young gentleman, I should not have dared to stand thus questioning him against his will, and offering my services unasked. I had hardly ever seen a handsome youth; never in my life spoken to one.

I told the man that I was the governess at Thornfield and helped him limped to his horse. Then the horse, man, and dog all vanished. Meditating upon the experience, I was happy to have offered active assistance. I returned to Thornfield and learnt that the man I helped was my employer — Mr. Rochester.

Comprehensive tasks:

I. Answer the following questions:

1. What did Jane think of her new pupil?
2. Did Jane have much free time? How did she spend it?
3. What did Jane think of Grace Poole?
4. Did Jane know who the horse rider was?
5. Why did she decide to help him?
6. Why do you think Jane said "the roughness of the traveler relaxed me"?
7. Why didn't Mr. Rochester tell Jane who he was when he first met her?

II. What will happen next? Write five questions you would like to know about how the story goes on. Make sure each question is about a different character.

III. Find the synonyms to the given words in the chapter. Make up your own sentences with the words you found, write them down.

risk whisper modesty shutter
 feel sore about exactly temper limitation
 humble accepting

IV. Fill in the blanks with prepositions or adverbs:

1. Meditating _____ the experience, I am happy.
2. I felt no fear _____ him, and but little shyness.
3. Mrs. Fairfax turned _____ to be what she appeared.
4. The dog came bounding back, he snuffed round the prostrate group, and then he ran _____ to me.
5. She made reasonable progress, entertained for me a vivacious, _____ perhaps not very profound, affection.

V. Explain the meaning of these phrases in your own words.

1. narrow-minded - _____
2. to fetch someone - _____
3. to prostrate group - _____
4. active assistance - _____
5. an absolute stagnation - _____
6. hard-featured and staid - _____
7. placid-tempered - _____

CHAPTER IX

Life at Thornfield changed following Rochester's arrival. Adele and me were forced to abandon the library because Rochester needed to use it as a meeting room. Before, silence had ruled; now, the house was filled with new voices. I liked the place better now that it had a master. Adele found it impossible to concentrate on her lessons because she was so busy wondering what presents Rochester had brought for her.

I and my pupil dined as usual in Mrs. Fairfax's parlour; the afternoon was wild and snowy, and we passed it in the schoolroom. At dark I allowed Adele to put away books and work, and to run downstairs; for, from the comparative silence below, and from the pause of appeals to the doorbell, I guessed that Mr. Rochester was now at liberty. Left alone, I walked to the window; but nothing was to be seen. Soon Mrs. Fairfax came in, breaking up by her entrance the fiery mosaic I had been piercing together, and scattering too some heavy unwelcome thoughts that were beginning to throng on my solitude.

"Mr. Rochester would be glad if you and your pupil would take tea with him in the drawing-room this evening," said she: "he has been so much engaged all day that he could not ask to see you before."

I was not pleased with the additional ceremony of dressing up for tea with Rochester. I again noted the firm, decisiveness of his face, which was imposing rather than beautiful. Rochester's stiff, impatient formality with me intrigued me more than finished

politeness would have. Questioning me about my family and discovering that my parents were dead, Rochester concluded that I was a fairy. He then judged my accomplishments, my piano playing and drawing. While he found my playing average, Rochester was impressed by my drawings. At nine o'clock, Rochester dismissed the women.

"You said Mr. Rochester was not strikingly peculiar, Mrs. Fairfax," I observed, when I rejoined her in her room, after putting Adele to bed.

"Well, is he?"

"I think so: he is very changeful and abrupt."

"True: no doubt he may appear so to a stranger, but I am so accustomed to his manner, I never think of it; and then, if he has peculiarities of temper, allowance should be made."

"Why?"

"Partly because it is his nature — and none of us can help our nature; and partly because he has painful thoughts, no doubt, to trouble him, and make his spirits unequal."

"What about?"

"Family troubles, for one thing."

"But he has no family."

"Not now, but he has had — or, at least, relatives. He lost his elder brother a few years since."

"His elder brother?"

"Yes. The present Mr. Rochester has not been very long in possession of the property; only about nine years."

"Nine years is a tolerable time. Was he so very fond of his brother as to be still comfortless for his loss?"

"Why, no — perhaps not. I believe there were some misunderstandings between them. Mr. Rowland Rochester was not quite just to Mr. Edward; and perhaps he prejudiced his father against him. The old gentleman was fond of money, and anxious to keep the family estate together. He did not like to decrease the property by division, and yet he was anxious that Mr. Edward should have wealth, too, to keep up the consequence of the name; and, soon after he was of age, some steps were taken that were not quite fair, and made a great deal of mischief. Old Mr. Rochester and Mr. Rowland combined to bring Mr. Edward into what he considered a painful position, for the sake of making his fortune: what the precise nature of that position was I never clearly knew, but his spirit could not brook what he had to suffer in it. He is not very forgiving: he broke with his family, and now for many years he has led an unsettled kind of life. I don't think he has ever been resident at Thornfield for a fortnight together, since the death of his brother without a will left him master of the estate; and, indeed, no wonder he avoids the old place."

The answer was indirect. I should have liked something clearer; but Mrs. Fairfax either could not, or would not, give me more explicit information of the origin and nature of Mr. Rochester's trials. She claimed they were a mystery to herself, and that what she knew was chiefly from her guess. It was evident, indeed, that she wished me to drop the subject, which I did accordingly.

Comprehensive tasks:

I. Answer the following questions:

1. Why should Jane empty the library?
2. How did the atmosphere of Thornfield change? Why?
3. Did Jane like these changes?
4. How did Mr. Rochester behave towards Jane during the tea?
5. Did Mr. Rochester like Jane's work? Why do you think so?
6. What did Jane find out about Mr. Rochester's life?

II. Try to imagine you are Jane Eyre.

Tell what Jane feels about Mr. Rochester at this period of her life.

III. Find the synonyms to the given words and expressions in the chapter. Make up your own sentences with the words you found, write them down.

depressing property stream achievement
satisfying special focus be surprised
naughtiness nervous

IV. Fill in the blanks with prepositions or adverbs:

1. The old gentleman was fond _____ money, and anxious to keep the family estate together.
2. Mrs. Fairfax folded _____ her knitting.
3. Breaking _____ by her entrance the fiery mosaic I had been piercing together.
4. Perhaps he prejudiced his father _____ him.
5. Mr. Rochester _____ the surgeon's orders went to bed early that night.
6. There I carried _____ books, and arranged it for the future schoolroom.
7. I change _____ a silk black frock instead of the drab black one I usually wear.

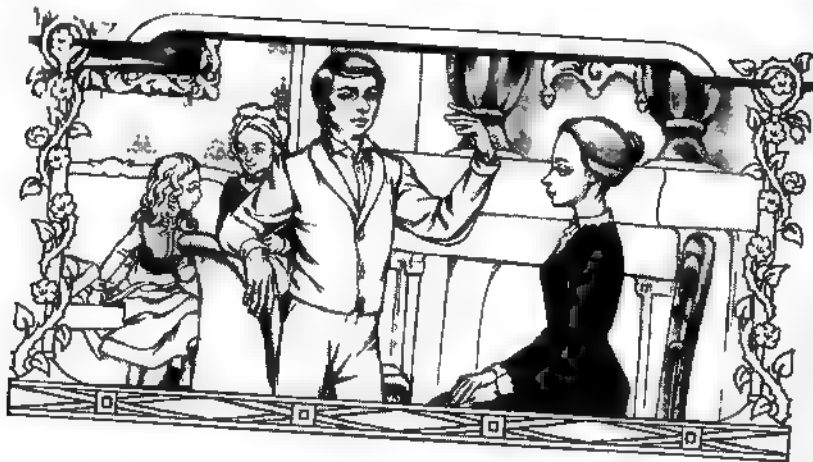
V. Make notes on how Jane describes:

- changes in Thornfield Hall;
- her thoughts about new information she gets from Mrs. Fairfax.

Using these notes get ready to make a short speech on these topics.

VI. Continue the sentences in your own words:

1. Mr. Rochester looks like
2. Adele was not easy to teach that day
3. At dark I allowed Adele to
4. Mr. Rowland Rochester was
5. Mrs. Fairfax either could not
6. Mr. Rochester wonders if my drawings were done



CHAPTER X

At first, I saw little of Rochester. During our brief casual meetings, I noticed his moodiness, but it didn't upset me. Finally, one evening, he summoned Adele and me, offering Adele her long-awaited present.

I noticed that Rochester was in a friendlier mood than usual, probably due to his dinner wine. Rochester enjoyed my frank, honest manner, and confessed that he hadn't lived the purest, most innocent life.

"You examine me, Miss Eyre," said he: "do you think me handsome?"

I should, if I had deliberated, have replied to this question by something conventionally vague and polite; but the answer somehow slipped from my tongue before I was aware — "No, sir."

"Sir, I was too plain; I beg your pardon. I ought to have replied that it was not easy to give an impromptu answer to a question about appearances;

that tastes mostly differ; and that beauty is of little consequence, or something of that sort."

"You ought to have replied no such thing. Beauty of little consequence, indeed! And so, under pretense of softening the previous outrage, of stroking and soothing me into placidity, you stick a sly penknife under my ear! Go on: what fault do you find with me, pray? I suppose I have all my limbs and all my features like any other man?"

"Mr. Rochester, allow me to disown my first answer: I intended no pointed inventiveness: it was only a mistake."

"Just so: I think so: and you shall be answerable for it. Criticise me: does my forehead not please you?"

He lifted up the sable waves of hair which lay horizontally over his brow, and showed a solid enough mass of intellectual organs, but an abrupt failure where the polite sign of benevolence should have risen.

"Now, ma'am, am I a fool?"

"Far from it, sir. You would, perhaps, think me rude if I inquired in return whether you are a philanthropist?"

"There again! Another stick of the penknife, when she pretended to pat my head. You looked very much puzzled, Miss Eyre; and though you are not pretty any more than I am handsome, yet a puzzled air becomes you; besides, it is convenient, for it keeps those searching eyes of yours away from my physiognomy, and busies them with the worsted flowers of the rug; so puzzle on. Young lady, I am disposed to be sociable and communicative to-night."

With this announcement he rose from his chair, and stood, leaning his arm on the marble mantelpiece.

Instead of speaking, I smiled; and not a very satisfied or obedient smile either.

"Speak," he urged.

"What about, sir?"

"Whatever you like. I leave both the choice of subject and the manner of treating it entirely to yourself."

We discussed sin, regret, and reformation. Finding me a good listener, Rochester spoke to me as freely as if he were writing his thoughts in a diary. He said he had given up his shameful lifestyle, and was ready to begin a new life.

Rochester told me he was rearing Adele in order to expiate the sins of his youth, about his passion for Céline Varens, a French opera-dancer who he had naively believed loved him. One night, however, Céline arrived home with another man and they mocked Rochester's ugliness; Rochester overheard the conversation and immediately ended the relationship. Céline told Rochester that Adele was his daughter, but he wasn't sure because she didn't look anything like him. Several years later, Céline abandoned her daughter and ran away to Italy with a musician. Although he refused to recognize Adele as his daughter, Rochester took pity on the abandoned and poor child and brought her to England.

At two o'clock one morning, I heard a demoniac laugh outside of my bedroom door and the sound of fingers brushing against the panels. I thought

it might be Pilot, Rochester's dog, wandering the hallways, but then I heard a door opening. Going into the hallway, I saw smoke billowing from Rochester's room. I rushed into his chamber and discovered the curtains on fire and his bed surrounded by tongues of flame. Unable to wake him, I flooded the bed with water. Rochester didn't let me call for help; instead, he said that he had to pay a visit to the third floor. He told me that Grace Poole was the criminal and then thanked me warmly for saving his life. He asked me to keep the incident a secret.

Comprehensive tasks:

I. Answer the following questions:

1. What was Mr. Rochester's attitude towards Jane after their first tea together? Find the proofs in the chapter.
2. What do you think Jane's feelings were at that time?
3. How did Mr. Rochester spend his days?
4. What caused the changes in Mr. Rochester's mood?
5. Can you explain these changes?
6. What issues did Mr. Rochester and Jane discuss during their last meeting?

II. Continue the sentences in your own words:

1. She charmed my English gold...
2. God knows I need not be...
3. Finding Jane a good listener, Rochester speaks...

4. I thought to myself Mr. Rochester was peculiar...

5. Rochester enjoys...

III. Give Ukrainian equivalents to the following words and phrases, make up your own sentences and write them down.

engaged acquaintance confine
occasional meeting acknowledging
doubtless ascertain sincere manner
conventionally vague piercingly blunt brusque
impromptu envy pique paid subordinates
on mercenary ground shameful lifestyle

IV. Translate the following passages into English in written form.

1. Ви дуже збентежені, міс Ейр, і хоча вас не можна назвати гарненькою, так само як мене не можна назвати красенем, збентеження вам личить; крім того, воно відволікає ваш погляд від моєї фізіономії і змушує вас розглядати квіти на килимі; тому продовжуйте бентежитися.
2. Ось вже ні, вам не слід було говорити нічого подібного. Скажете також — справа не в красі! Замість того, щоб пом'якшити вашу першу образу, втішити мене і заспокоїти, ви робите мені нове дошкульне зауваження.
3. Одного разу, коли у нього були гості на обід, він прислав за моєю папкою: мабуть, хотів показати мої малюнки.

CHAPTER XI

I both wished and feared to see Mr. Rochester on the day which followed this sleepless night: I wanted to hear his voice again, yet feared to meet his eye. During the early part of the morning, I momentarily expected his coming; he was not in the frequent habit of entering the schoolroom, but he did step in for a few minutes sometimes, and I had the impression that he was sure to visit it that day.

But the morning passed just as usual. Watching the servants cleaning Rochester's room, I was amazed to find Grace Poole sewing new curtain rings. Grace seemed calm for a woman who tried to commit murder the previous night. Like the other servants, Grace seemed to believe that Rochester had fallen asleep with his candle lit, and the curtains caught on fire. Grace advised me to fasten my door with a metal pin every night. Throughout our conversation, Grace gave no sign of guilt at having set the fire, astonishing me with her self-control and hypocrisy. I was curious about Grace's role in the household. Why hadn't he fired Grace following the previous night near murderous arson? At first, I believed Rochester might be in love with Grace, but rejected this idea because of Grace's unattractive and matronly appearance.

"Evening approaches," said I, as I looked towards the window. "I have never heard Mr. Rochester's voice or step in the house to-day; but surely I shall see him before night: I feared the meeting in the morning; now I desire it, because expectation has been so long baffled that it is grown impatient."

When dusk actually closed, and when Adele left me to go and play in the nursery with Sophie, I did most keenly desire it. I listened for the bell to ring below; I listened for Leah coming up

with a message; I fancied sometimes I heard Mr. Rochester's own tread, and I turned to the door, expecting it to open and admit him. The door remained shut; darkness only came in through the window. Still it was not late; he often sent for me at seven and eight o'clock, and it was yet but six. Surely I should not be wholly disappointed tonight, when I had so many things to say to him!

A tread creaked on the stairs at last. Leah made her appearance; but it was only to hint that tea was ready in Mrs. Fairfax's room. I repaired, glad at least to go downstairs; for that brought me, I imagined, nearer to Mr. Rochester's presence.

I was dismayed to learn that Rochester had left the house to attend a party at the Leas, home of Mr. Eshton, and would be gone for several days. I was particularly upset to learn that a beautiful woman, Miss Blanche Ingram, would be at the party. Recognizing that she was falling in love with Rochester, I tried to discipline my feelings by drawing two pictures: a self-portrait in crayon and an imaginary picture of Blanche on ivory. Whenever my feelings for Rochester became too intense, I compared my own plainness with Blanche's beauty.

Comprehension tasks:

I. Answer the following questions:

1. What were Jane's feelings in the morning following the fire?
2. Who did she see when she went out of her room?
3. What meditations showed Jane's anxieties about Rochester hinge on the issues of social class and beauty? Find the quotations in the text.

4. What feelings did she experience as to Mr. Rochester's absence?
5. What was the most terrible news for Jane?

II. Give Ukrainian equivalents for the following words and phrases, make up your own sentences and write them down.

I momentarily expected his coming to commit murder
give no sign of guilt reject an idea expectation has been
so long baffled tread creaked on the stair

III. Make notes on how Jane describes:

- her feelings;
- her hesitation as to Grace Poole.

Using these notes get ready to make a short speech on these topics.

IV. Translate the following passages into English and write them down:

1. У мене не було нагоди говорити з ним сьогодні.
2. Обурення знову взяло в мені верх над обережністю.
3. Будь Грейс молодію і гарною, я могла б припустити, що містер Рочестер перебував під впливом почуттів, більш владних, ніж обережність або страх; але щодо настільки мало привабливої, некрасивої й немолодої особи таке припущення здавалося неймовірним.
4. Я надто добре пам'ятала все — і слова, і погляд, і тон, і в цю хвилину знову жваво їх собі уявила.



CHAPTER XII

I was sickeningly disappointed when Rochester hadn't returned in a week, and Mrs. Fairfax suggested that he might have gone directly to Europe, not returning to Thornfield for a year or more.

"You have nothing to do with the master of Thornfield, further than to receive the salary he gives you for teaching his protegee, and to be grateful for such respectful and kind treatment as, if you do your duty, you have a right to expect at his hands. Be sure that is the only tie he seriously acknowledges between you and him; so don't make him the object of your fine feelings, your admirations, agonies, and so forth. He is not of your order: keep to your caste, and be too self-respecting to waste the love of the whole heart, soul, and strength, where such a gift is not wanted and would be despised." I went on with my day's business tranquilly.

After two weeks, Rochester sent a letter telling Mrs. Fairfax that he would arrive in three days, along with a party of people. I was still amazed by Grace Poole's unstable behavior, yet no one else in the house seemed to notice her odd habits, her isolation, or her drinking. One day, I overheard some of the servants discussing Grace, emphasizing how much Grace was being paid. From this conversation, I conclude that there is a mystery at Thornfield from which she is being purposely excepted.

On Thursday evening, Rochester and his guests arrived. One of the guests was Mrs. Eshton and two of her daughters. She had evidently been a handsome woman, and was well preserved still. Of her daughters, the eldest, Amy, was rather little: naive, and child-like in face and manner, and attractive in form; her white muslin dress and blue sash became her well. The second, Louisa, was taller and more elegant in figure; with a very pretty face, both sisters were fair as lilies.

Lady Lynn was a large and stout personage of about forty, very erect, very arrogantly-looking, richly dressed in a satin robe of changeful shine: her dark hair shone glossily under the shade of an azure plume, and within the circlet of a band of gems.

Mrs. Colonel Dent was less effective; but, I thought, more lady-like. She had a slight figure, a pale, gentle face, and fair hair. Her black satin dress, her scarf of rich foreign lace, and her pearl ornaments, pleased me better than the rainbow shining of the titled dame.

But the three most distinguished — partly, perhaps, because the tallest figures of the band —

were the Dowager Lady Ingram and her daughters, Blanche and Mary. They were all three of the lofty stature of women. The Dowager might be between forty and fifty: her shape was still fine; her hair (by candle-light at least) still black; her teeth, too, were still apparently perfect. Most people would have termed her a splendid woman of her age: and so she was, no doubt, physically speaking; but then there was an expression of almost insupportable haughtiness in her behaviour and face. She had Roman features and a double chin, disappearing into a throat like a pillar: these features appeared to me not only inflated and darkened, but even wrinkly with pride; and the chin was steadied by the same principle. She had, likewise, a fierce and a hard eye: it reminded me of Mrs. Reed's; she mouthed her words in speaking; her voice was deep, its inflections very pompous, very dogmatical, — very intolerable, in short. A crimson velvet robe, and a shawl turban of some gold-wrought Indian fabric, invested her (*I suppose she thought*) with truly imperial nobility.

Blanche and Mary were of equal stature, — straight and tall as poplars. Mary was too slim for her height, but Blanche was shaped like a Dian. I regarded her, of course, with special interest. First, I wished to see whether her appearance accorded with Mrs. Fairfax's description; secondly, whether it at all resembled the fancy miniature I had painted of her; and thirdly — it will out! — whether it were such as I should fancy likely to suit Mr. Rochester's taste.

And did I now think Miss Ingram such a choice
Mr. Rochester would be likely to make? I could not tell — I did not know his taste in female beauty. If he liked the majestic, she was the very type of majesty: then she was accomplished, lively. Most gentlemen would admire her, I thought; and that he did admire her, I already seemed to have obtained proof: to remove the last shade of doubt, it remained but to see them together.

I compared Mr. Rochester with his guests. What was the gallant grace of the Lynns, the languid elegance of Lord Ingram, — even the military distinction of Colonel Dent, contrasted with his look of native core and genuine power? I had no sympathy in their appearance, their expression: yet I could imagine that most observers would call them attractive, handsome, imposing; while they would pronounce Mr. Rochester at once harsh-featured and melancholy-looking.

When Rochester summoned me and Adele to meet the party, Adele was enthusiastic, but I was nervous and remained invisibly in a window-seat.

I tried to sneak away from the party, but Rochester stopped me. He noticed that I looked depressed and wondered why. At first he insisted that I returned to the drawing room, but when he saw tears in my eyes, he allowed me to leave. In future, though, I had to appear in the drawing room every evening.

"Now go, and send Sophie for Adele. Good-night, my —," he stopped, bit his lip, and abruptly left me.

Comprehensive tasks:

I. Character grid:

The grid is to be filled in by ticking while reading the rest of the story and many boxes will never have anything in them. Give your characteristic to one of the people given in the list.

Characteristics	Jane Eyre	Mrs. Reed	Mr. Rochester	Blanche Ingram
arrogant				
beautiful				
bitter				
careless				
caring				
courageous				
cruel				
dangerous				
dull				
emotional				
fearful				
fair				
forgiving				
friendly				
honest				
independent				
jealous				
kind				
modest				
optimistic				
passionate				

Characteristics	Jane Eyre	Mrs. Reed	Mr. Rochester	Blanche Ingram
patient				
plain				
poor				
religious				
rich				
rough				
self-disciplined				
sensible				
sensitive				
severe				
sincere				
slim				
smart				
sophisticated				
superficial				
unforgiving				
unjust				

II. Answer the following questions:

1. How did Jane feel during Mr. Rochester's absence?
2. Why did she try to compare herself with Grace Poole?
3. Why did Jane think that Mr. Rochester loved her?
4. How had Mr. Rochester changed in the presence of his friends?
5. What word didn't he say at the end of the chapter? Why?

CHAPTER XIII

6. How had Mrs. Fairfax changed in the presence of the guests?
7. Did Mrs. Fairfax like Blanche Ingram?
8. Do you think Mr. Rochester was in love with Miss Ingram?

III. Match the halves of the sentences:

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1) I was sickeningly disappointed | a) I had in my hands |
| 2) I tried to sneak away from the party | b) that there was a mystery at Thornfield |
| 3) I wished to think only of the work | c) when Rochester hadn't returned in a week |
| 4) I was not looking at the arch, | d) but Rochester stopped me. |
| 5) I could conclude | e) yet I saw him enter. |

IV. Fill in the gaps with prepositions or adverbs:

1. He might have gone _____ Europe, not returning to Thornfield _____ a year or more.
2. Jane sees only the silver beads and silk threads that lie _____ her lap.
3. You have nothing to do _____ the master of Thornfield.
4. _____ looking _____ me, he took a seat _____ the other side of the room.
5. I try to sneak _____ from the party.

With guests at Thornfield, life was cheerful. One night, they were preparing for a game of charades. Rochester's group went first, pantomiming a marriage ceremony with Rochester and Blanche as the happy couple. They then enacted the story of Eliezer and Rebecca, and ended with Rochester as a prisoner in chains. Colonel Dent's team correctly guessed the overall meaning of the three charades: Bridewell, an English prison. No longer interested in the charades, I watched the interactions between Rochester and Blanche. Their intimated style of conversing led me to believe they would soon marry.

I have told you, reader, that I had learnt to love Mr. Rochester: I could not unlove him now, merely because I found that he had stopped to notice me — because I might pass hours in his presence, and he would never once turn his eyes in my direction — because I saw all his attentions appropriated by a great lady, who hated to touch me with the hem of her robes as she passed; who, if ever her dark and imperious eye fell on me by chance, would draw back it instantly as from an object too mean to desert observation. I could not unlove him, because I felt sure he would soon marry this very lady — because I read daily in her a proud security in his intentions respecting her — because I witnessed hourly in him a style of courtship which, if careless and choosing rather to be sought than to seek, was yet, in its very carelessness, charming, and in its very pride, irresistible.

But I didn't believe they loved each other. Rochester was going to marry for social and political reasons, while Blanche is going to marry for money. Mr. Mason an old acquaintance of Rochester's arrived one day. I immediately disliked Mason's unsettled and inanimate face. From Mason, I learnt that Rochester once lived in the West Indies.

A gypsy woman, old Mother Bunches, arrived from a nearby camp and wanted to tell the fortunes of the quality. Lady Ingram wanted the old woman sent away, but Blanche insisted upon having her fortune told. After fifteen minutes with the old woman, Blanche returned, and had obviously received disappointing news. Mary Ingram and Amy and Louisa Eshton had their fortunes read together and returned laughing, impressed by Mother Bunches' intimate knowledge of their lives. Finally, the gypsy insisted upon telling my fortune. I was not frightened, just interested and excited.

I entered the library and found the gypsy woman seated snugly in an easy chair. She sat in front of the fire, reading something that looked like a Prayer Book. Despite my protests to the contrary, the gypsy woman told me that I was cold, sick, and silly. I, she foretold, was very close to happiness; if I made a movement toward it, luck would result. Soon the gypsy's speech had wrapped me in a dream-like state, and I was surprised by how well the old woman knew the secrets of my heart. The gypsy also explained that she (the gypsy) had crushed Blanche's marriage hopes by suggesting Rochester wasn't as wealthy as he seemed. The gypsy then read each of my features, as the voice droning on

it eventually became Rochester's. Again I looked at the face; which was no longer turned from me — on the contrary, the bonnet was taken off, the handage displaced, the head advanced.

"Well, Jane, do you know me?" asked the familiar voice.

"Only take off the red cloak, sir, and then —"

"But the string is in a knot — help me."

"Break it, sir."

"There, then — 'Off, your lendings!'" And Mr. Rochester stepped out of his disguise.

"Now, sir, what a strange idea!"

"But well carried out, eh? Don't you think so?"

"With the ladies you must have managed well."

"But not with you?"

"You did not act the character of a gypsy with me."

"What character did I act? My own?"

"No; some unaccountable one. In short, I believe you have been trying to draw me out — or in; you have been talking nonsense to make me talk nonsense. It is scarcely fair, sir."

"Do you forgive me, Jane?"

"I cannot tell till I have thought it all over. If, on reflection, I find I have fallen into no great absurdity, I shall try to forgive you; but it was not right."

Before leaving, I told Rochester about Mason's arrival; he was visibly upset by this news. Rochester worried that Mason had told them something grave or mysterious about him. Later that night I heard Rochester happily leading Mason to his room.

Comprehensive tasks:

I. Answer the following questions:

1. Did Jane like the life in Thornfield with guests?
2. What did she think about the guests of Thornfield?
3. Why did she think Mr. Rochester couldn't love Miss Ingram? Do you agree to her?
4. Why did Mr. Rochester pretend to be a gipsy woman?
5. How did Jane react to what the gipsy woman said?
6. Do you think this part of the story is realistic?
7. Why do you think Mr. Rochester was not glad to see Mason?

II. Find in the text the words and phrases close in meaning to the following ones:

understand buzzing fortune against
demand clearly take over engagement
strange well known

III. Fill in the gaps with proper prepositions or adverbs:

1. She was complimenting him _____ his acting.
2. I saw all his attentions appropriated _____ a great lady.
3. Rochester was going to marry _____ social and political reasons.

4. Tenderness and truth were not _____ her.
5. She always treated her _____ coldness and insolence.
6. If I made a movement _____ it, luck would result.
7. Blanche insisted _____ having her fortune told.

IV. Translate the following passages into Ukrainian in a written form.

1. She was very showy, but she was not genuine: she had a fine person, many brilliant experiences; but her mind was poor, her heart barren by nature: nothing bloomed spontaneously on that soil; no unforced natural fruit delighted by its freshness.
2. The flame illuminated her hand stretched out: roused now, and on the alert for discoveries, I at once noticed that hand. It was no more the withered limb of age than my own; it was a rounded supple member, with smooth fingers, symmetrically turned; a broad ring flashed on the little finger, and stooping forward, I looked at it, and saw a gem I had seen a hundred times before.
3. I cannot tell till I have thought it all over. If, on reflection, I find I have fallen into no great absurdity, I shall try to forgive you; but it was not right.



CHAPTER XIV

Later that evening, I lay in bed, gazing at the moonlight coming in my window. Suddenly, I heard a heart-stopping cry for help. I hurriedly put on some clothes, horror was shaking my body. All members of the party had gathered in the hallway, wondering if the house was on fire or if robbers had broken in. Rochester assured them that the noise was simply a servant having a bad dream and sent them back to their beds. I knew this was a lie, because I heard the strange cry, a struggle, and then a call for help. Before too long, Rochester knocked on my door, asking if I could help him, as long as I was not afraid of blood. Together we climbed to the mysterious third story of the house.

There they discovered Richard Mason with a bloody arm. Rochester asked me to sponge away the blood while he ran for the surgeon, but insisted that Mason and I not speak with each other; if we did, Rochester would not answer for the after-effects. I stared at a cabinet in the room, which had a grim design: the twelve Christian apostles with a dying Jesus hanging from a cross above them. As dawn approached, Rochester finally returned with the surgeon. While he dressed Mason's injuries, the men spoke obscurely of the woman who had bitten and stabbed Mason. Rochester had me run downstairs¹ to find special medications for heart he bought from an Italian charlatan. He measured twelve drops of the liquid into a glass, and made Mason drink the mixture, which Rochester claimed would give him the heart he lacked for an hour or so.

After Mason had left, I and Rochester walked through the gardens. Rochester told me a hypothetical story of a wild boy spoiled from childhood, who committed a "capital error" while in a far foreign country. He lived in immorality for a while, and then looked for to resume a happy, pure life with a kind stranger, but a mere conventional barrier stood in his way.

"What would I do in such a situation?" Rochester asked.

My answer was that a sinner's reformation should never depend on another person; instead, he should look to God for reassurance.

¹ to have smb run downstairs - змушувати когось спуститись вниз

"Will Grace Poole live here still, sir?"

"Oh yes! Don't trouble your head about her — put the thing out of your thoughts."

"Yet it seems to me your life is hardly secure while she stays."

"Never fear — I will take care of myself."

"Is the danger you apprehended last night gone by now, sir?"

"I cannot guarantee for that till Mason is out of England: nor even then. To live, for me, Jane, is to stand on a crater-crust which may crack and set off fire any day. Now you look puzzled; and I will puzzle you further. You are my little friend, are you not?"

"I like to serve you, sir, and to obey you in all that is right."

"Precisely: I see you do. I see true satisfaction in your walk and bearing, your eyes and face, when you are helping me and pleasing me — working for me, and with me, in, as you characteristically say, 'all that is right:' for if I require you do what you thought wrong, there would be no light-footed running, no neat-handed willingness, no lively glance and animated appearance. My friend would then turn to me, quiet and pale, and would say, 'No, sir; that is impossible: I cannot do it, because it is wrong;' and would become unchanged as a fixed star. Well, you too have power over me, and may hurt me: yet I dare not show you where I am vulnerable, lest, faithful and friendly as you are, you should spike me at once."

Rochester then asked me, without parable, if marrying Blanche would bring him regeneration? He described Blanche as a healthy girl, like the women of Carthage, and then rushed off to the tables to speak with Dent and Lynn.

Comprehensive tasks:

I. Answer the following questions:

1. What strange incident involving Mason brought Jane to Rochester's aid again?
2. What happened to Richard Mason?
3. Why did Mr. Rochester ask Jane not to talk to Richard Mason?
4. What did all these events tell you about the relationship between Rochester and Mason?
5. Do you think Rochester was in love with Blanche Ingram?
6. Do you think he had any feelings for Jane?
7. Did Jane have any feelings for Rochester?
8. What were Jane's feelings towards Mr. Rochester's marriage?
9. What will Jane do in the next part?
10. What will Mr. Rochester do?

II. Find quotations which show Jane's feelings towards:

- Mysterious events in Thornfield;
- Mr. Rochester

Make short reports on these topics.

III. Match the half of the sentences:

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1) What crime was this | a) wondering if the house was on fire |
| 2) It seemed that sleep and night | b) in your eyes and face. |
| 3) All members of the party had gathered in the hallway, | c) that lived incarnate in this mansion. |
| 4) Rochester knocks on my door, | d) had resumed their empire. |
| 5) I saw true satisfaction | e) asking if I can help him |

IV. Continue the sentences in your own words:

1. I could help him ...
2. Rochester told me the hypothetical story ...
3. If I require you do what you thought wrong ...
4. What creature was it ...
5. At last I looked up ...

V. Fill in the gaps with proper prepositions or adverbs:

1. Rochester invited me for a walk _____ the gardens.
2. Rochester told me the hypothetical story of a wild boy spoiled _____ children.
3. My answer was that a sinner's reformation should never depend _____ another person.
4. I like to serve you, sir, and to obey you _____ all that is right.
5. At last I looked up _____ the late speaker.
6. Now, Carter, be _____ the alert!

Sentiments are strange things! and so are sympathies; and so are signs; and the three combined make one mystery to which humanity has not yet found the key. I never laughed at presentiments in my life, because I have had strange ones of my own. Sympathies, I believe, exist (for instance, between far-distant, long-absent, wholly disjoined relatives claiming, despite their alienation, the unity of the source to which each traces his origin) whose workings prevent mortal comprehension. And signs, for things we know, may be but the sympathies of Nature with man.

I remember Bessie Leaven saying that dreams of children are a sign of trouble, either to oneself or one's kin. I was worried because I had been dreaming of infants for the past seven successive nights, including the night I was roused by Mason's cry. It also happened on the day I learnt of my cousin John's death. The news of her son's death had caused Mrs. Reed to have a stroke, and she was now asking for me.

I would have to ask leave before I could get off and I went in search of Mr. Rochester. He was playing billiards with Miss Ingram.

"If you please, sir, I want leave of absence for a week or two."

"What to do? — where to go?"

"To see a sick lady who has sent for me."

"What sick lady? — where does she live?"

"At Gateshead; in --- shire."

"-shire? That is a hundred miles off! Who may she be that sends for people to see her that distance?"

"Her name is Reed, sir — Mrs. Reed."

And I told him everything about my life in Gateshead.

"How long will you stay?"

"As short a time as possible, sir."

"Promise me only to stay a week — "

"I had better not pass my word: I might be obliged to break it."

"At all events you will come back: you will not be forced under any excuse to take up a permanent residence with her?"

"Mr. Rochester, I may as well mention another matter of business to you while I have the opportunity."

"Matter of business? I am curious to hear it."

"You have as good as informed me, sir that you are going shortly to be married?"

"Yes; what then?"

"In that case, sir, Adele ought to go to school: I am sure you will take the necessity of it."

"To get her out of my bride's way, who might otherwise walk over her rather too persistently? There's sense in the suggestion; not a doubt of it. Adele, as you say, must go to school; and you, of course, must march straight to — the devil?"

"I hope not, sir; but I must seek another situation somewhere."

"In course!" he exclaimed, with a twang of voice and a deformation of features equally fantastic and ludicrous. He looked at me some minutes.

Soon I left Rochester and went to visit Mrs. Reed. The road was rather long and boring. I arrived at Gateshead at five o'clock on May 1, greeted by Bessie, who prepared tea for both of us. As we sat discussing old times, I realized that the flame of my old ill feelings against the Reeds had been destroyed. I walked into the main house and met my two cousins again: Eliza was tall and ascetic looking, while Georgiana was buxom and beautiful. Bessie took me to see Mrs. Reed, whose face was as strict and restless as ever. While I would like to be put up with my aunt, Mrs. Reed didn't give up her opposition. I learnt the source of Mrs. Reed's anger toward me: Mrs. Reed was jealous of the relationship that my mother, Mr. Reed's favorite sister, had with her husband, and of the fact that he showed me more attention than he ever showed his own children.

To pass the time, I sketched. Both Eliza and Georgiana were surprised with my skill, and I volunteered to draw their portraits. This broke the ice between me and my cousins, and Georgiana began trusting me. Eliza was busy all day, every day; she planned to enter a convent when her mother died. One rainy day, I sneaked upstairs to my aunt's room. Awaking from her apathy, Mrs. Reed gave me a letter from my uncle, John Eyre. Written three years earlier, the letter revealed that he wished to adopt me and leave me his fortune. Mrs. Reed hadn't sent it to me because she hated me too much and wanted to get revenge. One final time, I tried to seek reunion with my aunt, but Mrs. Reed refused to forgive me. My aunt died at midnight.

I gazed on it with gloom and pain: nothing soft, nothing sweet, nothing pitying, or hopeful, or softening did it inspire; only a grating anguish for her misfortunes — not my loss — and a gloomy tearless anxiety at the fearfulness of death in such a form.

Eliza overlooked her parent calmly. After a silence of some minutes she observed —

“With her constitution she should have lived to a good old age: her life was shortened by trouble.” And then a spasm constricted her mouth for an instant: as it passed away she turned and left the room, and so did I. Neither of us had dropt a tear.

Comprehensive tasks:

I. Answer the following questions:

1. What external and internal conflicts can you identify in Jane?
2. What do you feel about Jane's decision to leave Rochester?
3. Are her actions believable in light of her character?
4. What was the most important Jane's trouble while leaving Mr. Rochester?
5. When Jane revisited Gateshead, what letter did Mrs. Reed show her?
6. Do you think she should be forgiven?
7. What do you think of Jane's response? Why?
8. What are the Reed children, Eliza, Georgiana, like as adults?

II. Match the halves of the sentences:

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1) More than ten days elapsed before | a) nothing soft, nothing sweet, nothing pitying, or hopeful. |
| 2) Eliza was busy all day, every day; | b) I am sure you will perceive the necessity of it. |
| 3) I gazed on it with gloom and pain: | c) I had again any conversation with her. |
| 4) Adele ought to go to school: | d) because I have had strange ones of my own. |
| 5) I never laughed at sentiments in my life, | e) she planned to enter a convent when her mother dies. |

III. Fill in the blanks with prepositions or adverbs:

1. I never laughed at presentiments _____ my life.
2. I learn _____ my cousin John's death.
3. She is now asking _____ me.
4. Georgiana begins confiding _____ me.
5. I learn the source of Mrs. Reed's anger _____ me.
6. I would like to be reconciled _____ my aunt.

IV. Tell about the changes Jane noticed in her cousins.

CHAPTER XVI

I remained at Gateshead for a month, helping Georgiana and Eliza prepare for their departures: Georgiana to her uncle in London, and Eliza to a nunnery in Lisle, France. Eliza complimented me on my independence and hard work. I knew that Eliza would become the Mother Superior of a convent while Georgiana would marry a wealthy, worn-out man of fashion.

Mrs. Fairfax wrote to me while I was at the Reeds, informing me that the house party had ended and that Rochester had gone to London to buy a new carriage, supposedly in anticipation of his upcoming marriage to Blanche.

Returning to Thornfield felt odd to me. I wondered where I'd go after Rochester would marry and was impatient to see him again. I had but a field or two to cross, and then I should cross the road and reach the gates. How full the fences were of roses! But I had no time to gather any; I wanted to be at the house. I passed a tall briar, shooting leafy and flowery branches across the path; I saw the narrow stile with stone steps. Unexpectedly, I saw him sitting on a narrow stone stile, with a book and pencil in his hand. He teased me about sneaking up on him, like a dream or shade.

"And did Mrs. Fairfax inform you what I went to do?"

"Oh, yes, sir! Everybody knew your mission."

"You must see the carriage, Jane, and tell me if you don't think it will suit Mrs. Rochester exactly;

and whether she won't look like Queen Boadicea¹, leaning back against those purple cushions. I wish, Jane, I were a trifle better adapted to match with her externally. Tell me now, fairy as you are — can't you give me a charm, or something of that sort, to make me a handsome man?"

"It would be past the power of magic, sir;" and, in thought, I added, "A loving eye is all the charm needed: to such you are handsome enough; or rather your sternness has a power beyond beauty."

Almost against my will, I told him that my only home was with him. At the house, I was warmly greeted by Mrs. Fairfax, Adele, Sophie, and Leah, declaring there was no happiness like being loved by your fellow-creatures, and feeling that your presence was an addition to their comfort.

Over the next two weeks, I was surprised that no wedding preparations were being made, nor did Rochester journey to Ingram Park to visit Blanche. Never had I seen Rochester so happy; never had I loved him so well.

¹ *Boudica* (['bu:di:kə]; alternative spelling: Boudicca) (d. AD 60 or 61) was queen of the British Iceni tribe, a Celtic tribe who led an uprising against the occupying forces of the Roman Empire.

Comprehensive tasks:

I. Answer the following questions:

1. Why Jane was so late to come back to Thornfield?
2. Do you think she was very disappointed to return to Thornfield?
3. Who was the first she saw after her returning?

4. Who was the new carriage bought for?
5. What was the greatest surprise for Jane when she came back?

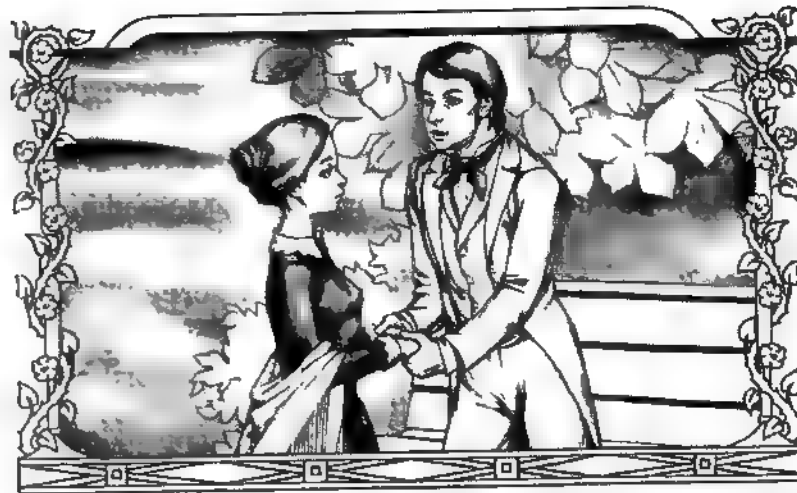
II. Match the halves of the sentences:

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1) You must see the carriage and tell me if | a) increasing in its strength of attraction the nearer I came. |
| 2) No magnet drew me to a given point, | b) that of being loved by your fellow-creatures. |
| 3) He teases me | c) you didn't think it would suit Mrs. Rochester exactly. |
| 4) There is no happiness like | d) and analysed their separate peculiarities of person and character. |
| 5) I dwelt on | e) about sneaking up on him. |

III. Fill in the gaps with proper prepositions or adverbs:

1. I wish, Jane, I were a trifle better adapted to match _____ her externally.
2. It would be _____ the power of magic.
3. Eliza complimented me _____ my independence.
4. He teased me _____ sneaking up on him.

IV. In the working world, being able to ask the right questions is often just as important as knowing the answers. Think of six to ten interview questions you would like to ask one of the characters in the novel to help you better understand his or her motives or intentions. Write your questions down.



CHAPTER XVII

It was a beautiful midsummer's night. As the sun was down, I walked around the gardens of Thornfield, enjoying the solemn purple that colors the sky. Smelling Rochester's cigar from a window, I moved into the more secluded space of the orchard. But Rochester was now in the garden. I tried to escape unseen, but he spoke to me, asking to look at an interesting night-fly. Although uncomfortable being alone with Rochester at night, I was unable to find a reasonable excuse for leaving him.

"You must have become in some degree attached to the house, — you, who have an eye for natural beauties?"

"I am attached to it, indeed."

"And though I don't comprehend how it is, I perceive you have acquired a degree of regard for

that foolish little child Adele, too; and even for simple dame Fairfax?"

"Yes, sir; in different ways, I have an affection for both."

"And would be sorry to part with them?"

"Must I move on, sir?" I asked. "Must I leave Thornfield?"

"I believe you must, Jane. I am sorry, Janet, but I believe indeed you must."

This was a blow: but I did not let it subordinate me.

"Well, sir, I shall be ready when the order to march comes."

"It is come now — I must give it to-night."

"Then you are going to be married, sir?"

"Ex-act-ly — pre-cise-ly: with your usual acuteness, you have hit the nail straight on the head.¹"

"Soon, sir?"

"Very soon, my — that is, Miss Eyre: and you'll remember, Jane, the first time I, or Rumour, plainly intimated to you that it was my intention to put my old bachelor's neck into the sacred noose.²"

"Yes, sir, I will advertise immediately: and meantime, I suppose — " I was going to say, "I suppose I may stay here, till I find another shelter to betake myself to:" but I stopped, feeling it would not do to risk a long sentence, for my voice was not quite under command.

¹ hit the nail straight on the head — потрапити прямо в точку

² put one's neck into the sacred noose — покласти голову в петлю

"In about a month I hope to be a bridegroom," continued Mr. Rochester; "and in a while, I shall myself look out for employment and an shelter for you."

"Thank you, sir; I am sorry to give — "

Rochester teasingly told me of a governess position, assuming the education of the five daughters of Mrs. Dionysius O'Gall of Bitternutt Lodge in Ireland. Together we sat on a bench under a chestnut-tree to discuss my trip.

He said, "I sometimes have a queer feeling with regard to you — especially when you are near me, as now: it is as if I had a string somewhere under my left ribs, tightly and closely knotted to a similar string situated in the corresponding quarter of your little frame. And if that furious Channel, and two hundred miles or so of land come broad between us, I am afraid that cord of communion will be broken; and then I've a nervous notion I should take to bleeding inside. As for you, — you'd forget me."

"That I never should, sir: you know — " Impossible to proceed.

"I grieve to leave Thornfield: I love Thornfield: — I love it, because I have lived in it a full and delightful life, — momentarily at least. I have not been stamped. I have not been hardened. I have not been buried with inferior minds, and excluded from every glimpse of communion with what is bright and energetic and high."

At first I didn't believe he was serious, but I read the truth in his face.

"Where do you see the necessity to leave Thornfield?" he asked suddenly.

"Where? You, sir, have placed it before me."

"In what shape?"

"In the shape of Miss Ingram; a noble and beautiful woman, — your bride."

"My bride! What bride? I have no bride!"

"But you will have."

"Yes; — I will! — I will!" He set his teeth.

"Then I must go: — you have said it yourself."

"No: you must stay! I swear it — and the oath shall be kept."

"I tell you I must go!" I replied, awakened to something like passion. "Do you think I can stay to become nothing to you? Do you think I am a machine without feelings?"

"I would scorn such a union: therefore I am better than you — let me go!"

"Where, Jane? To Ireland?"

"Yes — to Ireland. I have spoken my mind, and can go anywhere now."

"Jane, be still; don't struggle so, like a wild crazy bird that is rending its own plumage in its desperation."

"I am no bird; and no net entraps me; I am a free human being with an independent will, which I now exert to leave you."

Another effort set me at liberty, and I stood erect before him.

"And your wish shall decide your destiny," he said: "I offer you my hand, my heart, and a share of all my possessions."

"You play a farce, which I merely laugh at."

"I ask you to pass through life at my side — to be my second self, and best earthly companion."

I read the truth in his face and accepted his proposal. He fiercely declared that God had sanctioned our union, so he didn't care what society thought of the relationship.

A flash of lightning sent us rushing home through the rain. We were soaked, and when Rochester helped me out of my coat, he kissed me repeatedly. I looked up to see Mrs. Fairfax watching, pale and amazed. During the night, lightning split the great chestnut tree in two.

Comprehensive tasks:

1. Imagine you are Mr. Rochester who wants to get married and must choose between Jane and Blanche Ingram. Make a list of the good and bad points of each woman from Mr. Rochester's point of view.

	Jane Eyre	Blanche Ingram
Good points		
Bad points		

Answer the question:

— What decision will Mr. Rochester make and why?

II. Answer the following questions:

1. What surprising revelation did Rochester make to Jane?
2. When Mr. Rochester described his plan to be married, Jane assumed he was talking about marrying Blanche Ingram. Why didn't he correct her?
3. How did the weather change during the Chapter. Why do you think the author used such descriptions?
4. Why do you think Mrs. Fairfax was pale and amazed.

III. Match the halves of the sentences:

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1) I love
Thornfield, | a) that though my tongue
was sometimes prompt
enough at an answer. |
| 2) A flash of
lightning sends | b) Jane was unable to find
a reasonable excuse for
leaving him. |
| 3) It was one of
my faults, | c) them rushing home
through the rain. |
| 4) Although
uncomfortable
being alone
with Rochester
at night, | d) to find a reasonable
excuse for leaving him. |
| 5) Jane was unable | e) because I had lived in
it a full and delightful
life. |

CHAPTER XVIII

The next morning, I woke, wondering if the previous night had just been a dream. I felt transformed; even my face looked different, no longer plain. Believing I had taken an immoral turn, Mrs. Fairfax was cool and quiet at breakfast, but I felt I should let Rochester give explanations. When I walked up to the schoolroom in search of Adele, I found Rochester instead.

"Come and wish me good-morning," said he. I gladly advanced; and it was not merely a cold word now, or even a shake of the hand that I received, but an embrace and a kiss. It seemed natural: it seemed genial to be so well loved, so caressed by him.

"Jane, you look blooming, and smiling, and pretty," said he: "truly pretty this morning. Is this my pale, little elf? Is this my mustard-seed? This little sunny-faced girl with the dimpled cheek and rosy lips; the satin-smooth hazel hair, and the radiant hazel eyes?" (*I had green eyes, reader; but you must excuse the mistake: for him they were new-dyed, I suppose.*)

"It is Jane Eyre, sir."

"Soon to be Jane Rochester," he added: "in four weeks, Janet; not a day more. Do you hear that?"

I didn't believe the wedding would actually happen — it would be a fairy-tale, too much happiness for a real human.

Rochester swore to make the world recognize my beauty, but I worried that he was trying to transform me into a costumed ape. I was upset by Mrs. Fairfax's response to the news of the engagement. Rather than being delighted with the relationship, Mrs. Fairfax

warned me to maintain a distance from Rochester, because she was worried about the differences between our ages and social classes. Later that day, I and Rochester drove to Millcote to make purchases for the wedding, and Adele rode with us.

All of the preparations were ready for the wedding, which took place the next day. I could not bring myself to label my luggage with the cards that say "Mrs. Rochester," because this person didn't yet exist. Together, we ate our last dinner at Thornfield before leaving on our European honeymoon. I couldn't eat, but told Rochester about a strange occurrence that had happened the previous night, while he was away: before I went to bed, I discovered a hidden gift from Rochester — an expensive veil from London that I doubt could transform me from a plebeian to a noblewoman. As I slept, I dreamt of a child, too young and feeble to walk, who cried in my arms. Rochester walked on a road ahead of me, but I was unable to catch him. The dream then took me to Thornfield Hall, which had become a dreary ruin, with nothing remaining but a shell-like wall. Trying to get a final glimpse of Rochester, I climbed the wall of Thornfield, but it collapsed, causing me to fall and drop the child. When I woke, I saw the figure of a woman in my room, someone I didn't recognize. The woman, whose face was ghostly, wild, vampirish, threw my veil over her own face. After gazing at herself in the mirror, the woman took the veil off, ripped it in two, and stamped it. Then the woman walked over to my bed and peered into my face, causing me to faint for the second time in my life. When I woke in the morning, I

discovered the veil on the floor, torn in two, so I knew the experience wasn't a dream.

Rochester thanked God that I hadn't been harmed and then suggested that the woman must have been Grace Poole. In a state between sleeping and waking, I simply didn't recognize her. He promised to explain everything in a year and a day after our marriage. Rochester insisted that I slept in Adele's bed this night, with the door securely fastened.

Comprehensive tasks:

I. Answer the following questions:

1. In what instances is Mr. Rochester's behavior towards the governess unconventional?
2. What was Mrs. Fairfax's attitude towards the wedding?
3. Why do you think Jane didn't want any jewelry and new dresses?
4. Why do you think Jane wanted to keep distance until the wedding?
5. What was Jane's reason to remind her uncle about herself?

II. Imagine what Jane could pack into cases when she believed she would be married in a day or two and go on her honeymoon. Write down as many things as you can think of.



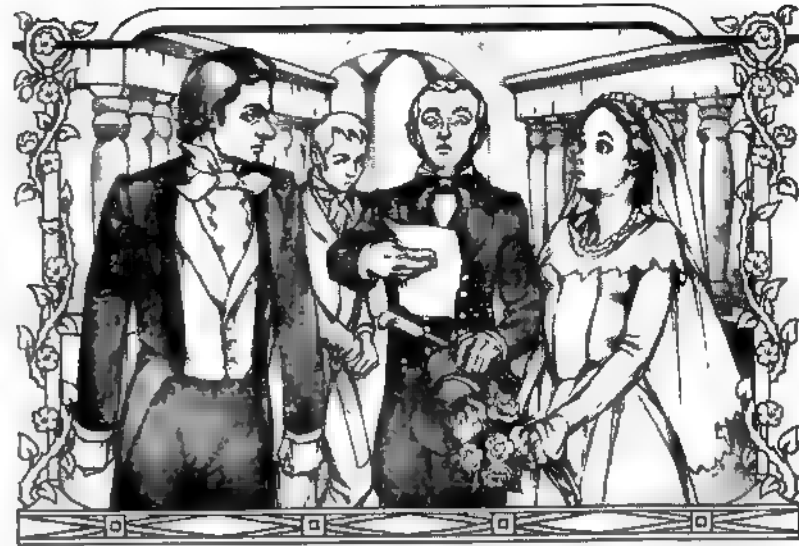
1. What do people take with them when they travel nowadays?

2. How can you identify the rich from the rest at an airport, for instance?
3. What is essential and what is inessential?

III. In chapters XVI–XIX, Jane and Rochester's relationship takes a new turn. As you read these chapters, use the chart below to analyze why the two main characters think, feel, or act as they do. Provide specific responses based on the novel

Jane and Rochester

1. Jane believes she will need to look for a new job	because →	<i>Adele will be sent to school after Rochester marries Blanche Ingram.</i>
2. Jane begins to hope that Rochester and Blanche will not be married	because →	
3. Jane sobs when Rochester speaks of her going away to Ireland	because →	
4. Rochester asks Jane to marry him	because →	
5. Although guarded at first, Jane agrees to marry Rochester	because →	
6. Jane does not want Rochester to buy her dresses and jewels	because →	
7. Rochester acted as though he was courting Blanche	because →	
8. Jane decides to act "flinty" toward Rochester	because →	
9. Jane is troubled on the night before the wedding	because →	



CHAPTER XIX

At seven o'clock on my wedding day, Sophie arrived to help me dress. I wore the plain blond veil I had made myself, rather than the fancy veil that had been destroyed by a strange woman. In my wedding dress, I looked so different from my usual self that I seemed a stranger to myself. As we drove to the church, Rochester looked grim, and I was so nervous that I didn't notice whether the day was fair or nasty. In the cemetery near the church, I observed two strangers and saw them again in the shadows of the church. When the clergyman was about to ask Rochester whether he took me for his wife, a voice declared the wedding couldn't continue because of an obstacle.

Mr. Rochester heard, but didn't pay attention: he stood stubborn and rigid, making no movement but to possess himself of my hand. What a hot and strong grasp he had! and how like marble was his pale, firm, massive front at this moment! How his eye shone, still watchful, and yet wild beneath!

Mr. Wood seemed at a loss. "What is the nature of the obstacle?" he asked. "Perhaps it may be got over — explained away?"

"Hardly," was the answer. "I have called it irresistible, and I speak advisedly."

The speaker came forward and leaned on the rails. He continued, pronouncing each word distinctly, calmly, steadily, but not loudly —

"It simply consists in the existence of a previous marriage. Mr. Rochester has a wife now living."

"Who are you?" he asked of the intruder.

"My name is Briggs, a lawyer of — Street, London."

"And you would impose me a wife?"

"I would remind you of your lady's existence, sir, which the law recognises, if you do not."

"Favour me with an account of her — with her name, her parentage, her place of staying."

"Certainly." Mr. Briggs calmly took a paper from his pocket, and read out in a sort of official, nasal voice: —

"I affirm and can prove that on the 20th of October A.D. — (a date of fifteen years back), Edward Fairfax Rochester, of Thornfield Hall, in the county of — , and of Ferndean Manor, in — shire, England, was married to my sister,

Bertha Antoinetta Mason, daughter of Jonas Mason, merchant, and of Antoinetta his wife, a Creole, at — church, Spanish Town, Jamaica. The record of the marriage will be found in the register of that church — a copy of it is now in my possession. Signed, Richard Mason."

Rochester admitted that he had planned to commit bigamy. Rochester commanded everyone back to Thornfield to see his wife. Refusing to let go of my hand, Rochester led me up to the secret room on the third floor. We found Bertha crawling on all fours, running backwards and forwards like a beast. Her hair, wild as an animal's mane, hid her face. The woman attacked Rochester, almost choked him, until finally he fastened her to a chair.

"That is my wife," said he. "Such is the sole marital cuddles I am ever to know — such are the affections which are to solace my leisure hours! And this is what I wished to have" (*laying his hand on my shoulder*).

Briggs surprised me by telling that my uncle, John Eyre, had alerted Richard Mason to the marriage. John Eyre was Mason's partner, so when my letter arrived, announcing my engagement, he shared the information with Mason, who was resting in Madeira on his return voyage to Jamaica. John Eyre was dying and couldn't return to England to rescue me, so he sent Mason instead. Everyone left the attic, and I locked myself in my room. All my hopes were dead. In this moment of despair, I returned to God, silently praying that he remained with me.

Comprehensive tasks:

I. Answer the following questions:

1. What disastrous event happened on Jane's wedding day?
2. Who was Bertha?
3. How did Jane feel when she learnt of Bertha's existence?
4. What are your impressions of Bertha?

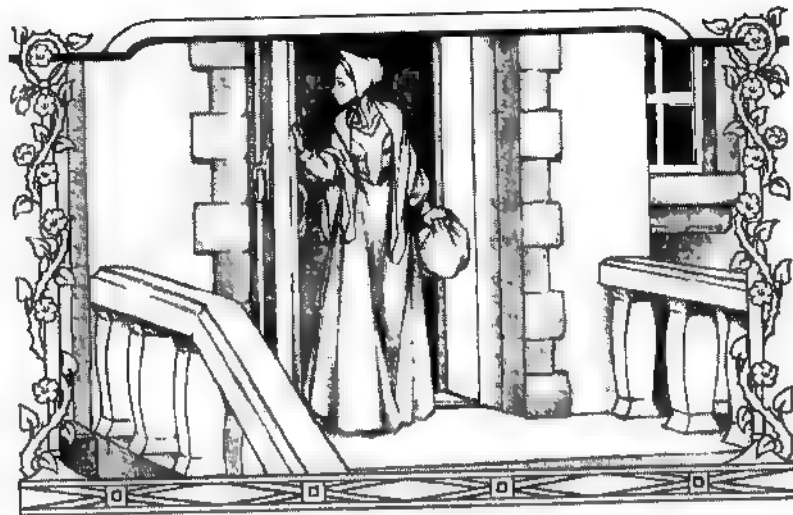
II. Imagine the next Jane's day. Tell about her plans. And explain them as if you were Jane.

III. Continue the sentences in your own words:.

1. On my wedding day I wore ...
2. I was so nervous that ...
3. The nature of the obstacle was ...
4. John Eyre was dying ...
5. The whole consciousness of my life ...
6. I had lifted no petition to Heaven ...

V. Translate the following passages into English and write them down.

1. Двоеженство — неприємне слово!
2. Як бачите, доля посміялася наді мною.
3. Презирство охолодило порив містера Рочестера.
4. Берта, як віддана дочка, пішла по стопах своїх батьків.



CHAPTER XX

Later that afternoon, I awoke, wondering what I should do: leave Thornfield at once was the answer. At first, I didn't think I could leave Rochester, but an inner voice told me I both could and should. I left my room, tripping over Rochester, who sat in a chair outside the door. He carried me down to the library, offering me wine and food.

"Jane! Will you ever forgive me?"

Reader, I forgave him at the moment and on the spot. I forgave him all: yet not in words, not outside; only at my heart's core.

"You know I am a scoundrel, Jane?" before long he inquired dreamily — wondering, I suppose, at my continued silence and tameness, the result rather of weakness than of will.

"Yes, sir."

"In my sense of the word you are scheming to destroy me. You have as good as said that I am a married man — as a married man you will avoid me, keep out of my way: just now you have refused to kiss me. You intend to make yourself a complete stranger to me: to live under this roof only as Adele's governess; if ever I say a friendly word to you, if ever a friendly feeling inclines you again to me, you will say, — 'That man had nearly made me his mistress: I must be ice and rock to him;' and ice and rock you will accordingly become."

I cleared and steadied my voice to reply: "All is changed about me, sir; I must change too — there is no doubt of that; and to avoid fluctuations of feeling, and continual combats with recollections and associations, there is only one way — Adele must have a new governess, sir."

Rochester planned to lock Thornfield up, send Adele away to school, and escape with me to a villa in the south of France, where we would live both virtually and nominally as husband and wife. I couldn't accept his logic; if I lived with him, I would be his mistress, a position I didn't want. Afraid of his passionate nature, I called to God for help.

Rochester told me the history of his family: his greedy father had left all of his estate to Rochester's older brother Rowland, so that the property wouldn't be divided. When Rochester left college, he was sent to Jamaica to marry Bertha, who supposedly would receive a fortune of thirty thousand pounds.

Bertha was a beautiful woman, tall and majestic like Blanche Ingram. Bertha seemed to be an extremely bright woman and Rochester was excited by her. He took this passion for love. Before he knew it, they were married. After the honeymoon, Rochester learned that Bertha's mother was shut in a shelter and her younger brother was mentally ill. Ultimately, Bertha's excesses led her into early insanity. Rochester thought about suicide, but then decided to return to Europe with Bertha. Both his father and brother were dead, and no one else knew of his marriage. Rochester spent the next ten years searching for a woman to love, but found only mistresses. From his story, I realized that I could never live with Rochester; I would become simply another of his mistresses.

That night, I dreamt my mother, transformed from the moon, who whispered into my heart, "My daughter, flee attraction." I did. I packed up a few trinkets, grabbed my purse, which contains a mere twenty shillings, and stole away. Walking past Rochester's room, I knew I could find a temporary heaven there, but I refused to accept it. Instead, I sneaked out of the house, beginning a journey far away from Thornfield.

Gentle reader, may you never feel what I then felt! May your eyes never shed such stormy, scalding, heart-wrung tears as poured from mine. May you never appeal to Heaven in prayers so hopeless and so agonised as in that hour left my lips; for never may you, like me, dread to be the instrument of evil to what you wholly love.

Comprehensive tasks:

I. Imagine how different the things Jane finally took away with her were (compare it with her suitcases in Chapter 19). Write down what may have been in the packet.



II. Fill in the blanks with prepositions or adverbs:

1. I left my room, tripping _____ Rochester.
2. Afraid of his passionate nature, Jane called _____ God for help.
3. That night, I dreamt my mother, transformed from the moon, who whispered _____ my heart.
4. Rochester spent the next ten years searching _____ a woman to love.
5. I was weeping wildly as I walked _____ my solitary way.

III. Finish the sentences in your own words:

1. Jane decided to leave Thornfield because ...
2. Jane walked through the fields to ...
3. Mr. Rochester wanted Jane to ...
4. That night Jane dreamt her ...
5. Jane appealed to ...

IV. Translate the following sentences into Ukrainian:

1. Reader, I forgave him at the moment and on the spot.
2. When Rochester left college, he was sent to Jamaica to marry Bertha, who supposedly would receive a fortune of thirty thousand pounds. Bertha was a beautiful woman, tall and majestic like Blanche Ingram. Bertha seemed to be a dazzling woman and Rochester was aroused by her.
3. You intend to make yourself a complete stranger to me: to live under this roof only as Adele's governess; if ever I say a friendly word to you, if ever a friendly feeling inclines you again to me, you will say, — "That man had nearly made me his mistress: I must be ice and rock to him;" and ice and rock you will accordingly become."
4. May your eyes never shed such stormy, scalding, heart-wrung tears as poured from mine. May you never appeal to Heaven in prayers so hopeless and so agonised as in that hour left my lips; for never may you, like me, dread to be the instrument of evil to what you wholly love.
5. I packed up a few trinkets, grabbed my purse, which contains a mere twenty shillings, and stole away. Walking past Rochester's room, I knew I could find a temporary heaven there, but I refused to accept it. Instead, I sneaked out of the house, beginning a journey far away from Thornfield.



CHAPTER XXI

Two days later, the coachman dropped me off in Whitcross. He couldn't take me any further because I had run out of money. Accidentally, I left my packet in the coach and was now needful. Nature was my only relative, the universal mother who would give shelter me without money. What was I to do? Where to go? Oh, intolerable questions, when I could do nothing and go nowhere! — when a long way must yet be measured by my weary, trembling limbs before I could reach human habitation — when cold goodwill must be entreated before I could get a shelter: forced sympathy persistent, almost certain deny ran incurred, before my tale could be listened to, or one of my wants relieved!

So I spent the night sleeping on the heath. Too hurt by memories of my broken heart to sleep, I rose, kneeling in the night, and prayed to God. The next morning, I followed the road past Whitcross. Walking to the point of fatigue, I finally found a town and entered a bakery to beg for bread or a job. No one helped me, and even the priest was away, at Marsh End, due to the sudden death of his father. Finally, I found a farmer who gave me a slice of brown bread.

That night, I was unable to sleep peacefully in the woods. The only food I ate the next day was a pot of cold porridge that a little girl was about to throw into a pig trough. Across the moors, I suddenly saw the light of a house. I followed a road leading to the house, and entered its gate, peering in the lighted window. Inside I saw a well-kept house, a rough-looking elderly woman, and two graceful ladies dressed in mourning. The women were waiting for their brother, St. John, to return home. These cultivated young women, named Diana and Mary Rivers, were practicing their German. I knocked on the door, but the old servant, Hannah, turned me away.

This was the climax. A pang of exquisite suffering — a agony of true despair — rent and heaved my heart. Worn out, indeed, I was; not another step could I stir. I sank on the wet doorstep: I groaned — I wrung my hands — I wept in utter anguish. Oh, this spectre of death! Oh, this last hour, approaching in such horror! Alas, this isolation — this exile from my kind! Not only the hope, but the support of stability

was gone — at least for a moment; but the last I soon tried to regain.

“I can but die,” I said, “and I believe in God. Let me try to wait His will in silence.”

These words I not only thought, but uttered; and moved back all my misery into my heart, I made an effort to force it to remain there — dumb and still.

“All men must die,” said a voice quite close at hand; “but all are not condemned to meet a extended and early death, such as yours would be if you die here of want.”

St. John overheard the conversation and offered me shelter because he thought I was a peculiar case. The Rivers offered me bread and milk and allowed me to stay for the night. I told them my name was Jane Elliott.

I spent three days and nights in bed. Diana and Mary were happy to have taken me in, believing I would have died if they had left me outside. Looking at me, they concluded that I was well educated, because nothing in my appearance indicated vulgarity or degradation. On the fourth day, I rose and dressed in my freshly washed clothes; I was once again clean and respectable, with no traces of dirt or disorder in my appearance. I went downstairs and worked in the kitchen with Hannah, from whom I learnt that the house was called Marsh End or Moor House and was owned by the Rivers. I lectured Hannah for unfairly rating the poor, and Hannah begged my forgiveness for initially denying my entrance to the house; we slowly became friends.

From Hannah, I discovered that the Rivers were an ancient family. Several years ago, their father had lost much money when a man he trusted had gone bankrupt, so Diana and Mary were forced to find work as governesses. Mr. Rivers died three weeks earlier of a stroke.

I told the Rivers some of my history. The reason for my departure from my governess position I didn't reveal, but assured them that I was blameless in the situation. I told them Jane Elliott wasn't my real name.

“You would not like to be long dependent on our hospitality — you would wish, I see, to dispense as soon as may be with my sisters' sympathy, and, above all, with my: you desire to be independent of us?”

“I do: I have already said so. Show me how to work, or how to seek work: that is all I now ask; then let me go, if it be but to the meanest cottage; but till then, allow me to stay here: I dread another essay of the horrors of homeless poverty.”

“Indeed you shall stay here,” said Diana, putting her white hand on my head. “You shall,” repeated Mary, in the tone of undemonstrative sincerity which seemed natural to her.

“My sisters, you see, have a pleasure in keeping you,” said Mr. St. John, “as they would have a pleasure in keeping and cherishing a half-frozen bird, some wintry wind might have driven through their window. I feel more inclination to put you in the way of keeping yourself, and shall endeavour to do so; but observe, my sphere is

narrow. I am but the priest of a poor country church: my aid must be of the most obedient sort. And if you are inclined to despise the day of small things, seek some more efficient help than such as I can offer."

St. John promised to find me some unglamorous job.

Comprehensive tasks:

I. Discuss these questions:

1. Jane introduced herself as 'Jane Elliott' to the Rivers family. Why did she do this? How does this compare to other examples of deceit in the story?
2. Think about the life-as-journey metaphor. With whom or what does Jane struggle in this Chapter?
3. What happened to Jane on the way to Marsh End?
4. How did Jane respond to the Rivers family?

II. Find the synonyms to the given words in the chapter. Make up your own sentences with the words you found, write them down.

special fear misery consider
welcome culmination loss of self-respect
openness cultured

III. Fill in the blanks with prepositions or adverbs:

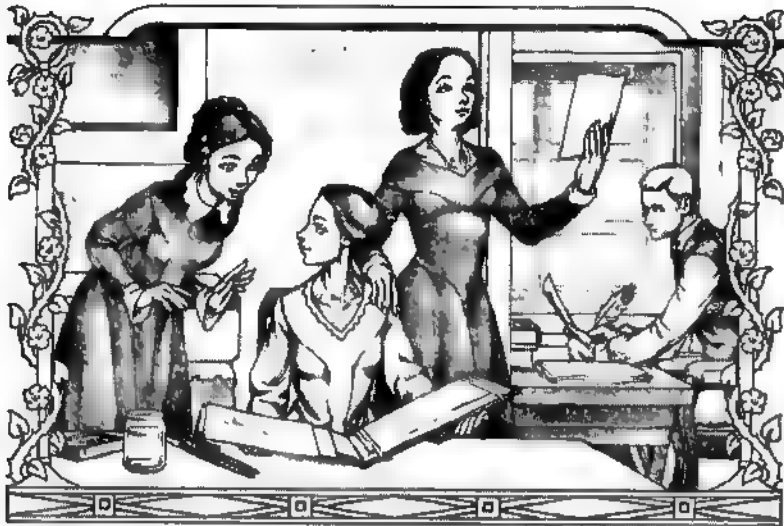
1. I am but the priest of a poor country church: my aid must be _____ the humblest sort.
2. The reason for my departure _____ my governess position I don't reveal.
3. I had a feeling that she wished me _____.
4. I finally find a town and enter a bakery to beg _____ bread or a job.
5. I knock _____ the door, but the old servant, Hannah, turns me away.

IV. Give Ukrainian equivalents to the following words and phrases, make up your own sentences and write them down.

departure from governess position plead
discover allow illiterate

V. Translate the following passages into English in written form.

1. Я була знову чистою і респектабельною, без слідів бруду та безладу в моїй зовнішності.
2. Ніхто не допоміг мені, і навіть священик був у від'їзді, у Марш-Енді, через раптову смерть його батька. Нарешті, я знайшла фермера, який дав мені шматочок чорного хліба.
3. Змучена, дійсно, я була такою; ні на крок я не могла просунутись. Я опустила на мокрий поріг: я застогнала, я заламала руки — я плакала, сповнена туги.



CHAPTER XXII

After a few days, I had recovered my health enough to sit up and walk outdoors. Our conversations with Diana and Mary revived and refreshed me, because their values and interests were so perfectly balanced with mine. Diana and Mary were better readers than me, and I eagerly read all the books they lent me. Drawing was the only area in which my skill surpassed theirs. The intimacy I felt with the women didn't extend to St. John, partly because he was often away from home, visiting the sick, and partly because his nature was so moderated and thoughtful. Hard in his priest's labours, blameless in his life and habits, he yet did not appear to enjoy that mental peace that inward content, which should be the

reward of every sincere Christian and practical philanthropist. Often, of an evening, when he sat at the window, his desk and papers before him, he would cease reading or writing, rested his chin on his hand, and delivered himself up to I knew not what course of thought; but that it was shocked and exciting might be seen in the frequent flash and changeful extension of his eye.

A month passed. Diana and Mary prepared to return to their positions as governesses in a large, fashionable city in the south of England. I wondered if St. John had found any employment for me.

One morning, being left alone with him a few minutes in the parlour, I ventured to approach the window-recess — which his table, chair, and desk consecrated as a kind of study — and I was going to speak, though not very well knowing in what words to frame my inquiry — for it was at all times difficult to break the ice of reserve glassing over such natures as his — when he saved me the trouble by being the first to commence a dialogue.

Looking up as I drew near — “You have a question to ask of me?” he said.

“Yes; I wish to know whether you have heard of any service I can offer myself to start.”

“I found or devised something for you three weeks ago; but as you seemed both useful and happy here — as my sisters had evidently become attached to you, and your society gave them unusual pleasure — I believe it inadvisable to break

in on your mutual comfort till their approaching departure from Marsh End should execute yours necessary."

"And they will go in three days now?" I said.

"Yes; and when they go, I shall return to the parsonage at Morton: Hannah will accompany me; and this old house will be shut up."

Since he was poor and obscure, he said he had only been able to devise an insignificant post for me — if I wanted it, I could run a school for poor girls in Morton. My salary would be thirty pounds, and I would have a furnished cottage to live in, provided by Miss Oliver, the only daughter of the rich owner of a needle factory and iron foundry. Although modest, the position's independence and safety appealed to me. St. John guessed that I would not remain long in Morton, because I would soon long for society and stimulus. But St. John had a similar fever in his nature, as Diana revealed, and they knew he would soon leave England. As the women sat talking, St. John entered the room, and announced their Uncle John had died, leaving all of his fortune to another relative. Their uncle and father had quarreled, and it was John's fault that Mr. Rivers lost most of his property and money.

This explanation given, the subject was dropped, and no further reference made to it by either Mr. Rivers or his sisters. The next day I left Marsh End for Morton. The day after, Diana and Mary quitted it for distant B-. In a week, Mr. Rivers and Hannah repaired to the parsonage: and so the old grange was abandoned.

Comprehensive tasks:

I. Answer the following questions:

1. How did Jane's stay at the Marsh End affect her state of mind?
2. What does Jane feel towards Diana and Mary Rivers?
3. What skills do all three girls show in this Chapter?
4. In what were their lives similar or different?
5. Diana and Mary Rivers did not feel sad when they heard of the death of their Uncle John. Why not?

II. Describe the friendship Jane develops with Diana and Mary.

III. Make notes in the chart below about St. John's appearance, manner or mood, past life, and goals. Consider what St. John does and says about himself as well as what other character observe about him. Using your notes tell everything about him.

St. John	
Physical Appearance <i>- tall and slender</i>	Manner or mood
Past life	Goals

IV. Fill in the blanks with prepositions or adverbs:

1. The intimacy I felt _____ the women didn't extend to St. John.
2. Since it was an employment which depended only _____ me to give, and you to accept.
3. It made us no worse _____ than we had been before.
4. You would wonder _____ us and our mysteries.
5. I liked to learn _____ her.

V. Continue the sentences in your own words:

1. St. John was
2. I should go to ...
3. Nobody was sad ...
4. Jane was going to work as
5. Her new friends Diana and Mary should ...

VI. Translate the following passages into English and write them down:

1. Я розуміла ці почуття і розділяла їх щиро і гаряче.
2. Наші думки збігалися, наші думки доповнювали одна одну; словом, між нами панувала повна гармонія.
3. Я була впевнена, що Сент-Джон Ріверс, незважаючи на чистоту свого життя, сумлінність і пастирську старанність, ще не знайшов того благодатного душевного миру, який переверщує всяке розуміння; знайшов його не більше, ніж я, з моєю прихованою болісною тугою за розбитим кумиром і втраченим раєм; тугою, про яку я уникала говорити, але яка жорстоко кривала мене.

CHAPTER XXIII

My home, then, when I at last found a home, — was a cottage; a little room with whitewashed walls and a sanded floor, containing four painted chairs and a table, a clock, a cupboard, with two or three plates and dishes, and a set of tea-things. Above, a chamber of the same size as the kitchen, with a bed and chest of drawers; small, yet too large to be filled with my scanty wardrobe: though the kindness of my gentle and generous friends had increased that, by a modest stock of such things as were necessary. Classes began with twenty students; only three could read and none could write or do arithmetic. Some were docile and wanted to learn, while others were rough and disobedient. Rather than feeling proud of my work, I felt degraded. I knew these feelings were wrong and planned to change them. Was I very gleeful, settled, content, during the hours I passed in absolutely bare, humble schoolroom this morning and afternoon? Not to deceive myself, I had to reply — No: I felt desolate to a degree. I felt — yes, idiot that I was — I felt degraded. I doubted I had taken a step which sank instead of raising me in the scale of social existence. I was weakly dismayed at the ignorance, the poverty, the brutality of all I heard and saw round me. But let me not hate and ignore myself too much for these feelings; I knew them to be wrong — that was a great step gained; I should struggle to overcome them. Tomorrow, I trust, I should get the better of them partially; and in a few

weeks, perhaps, they would be quite subdued. In a few months, it was possible, the happiness of seeing progress, and a change for the better in my scholars may substitute gratification for disgust.

Meantime, let me ask myself one question — Which was better? — To have refused the attraction; listened to passion; made no painful effort — no struggle; — but to have sunk down in the silk net; fallen asleep on the flowers covering it; wakened in a southern climate, amongst the luxuries of a pleasure villa: to have been now living in France, Mr. Rochester's mistress; mad with his love half my time — for he would — oh, yes, he would have loved me well for a while. He did love me — no one will ever love me so again. I should never more know the sweet homage given to beauty, youth, and grace — for never to anyone else should I seem to possess these charms. Did I make the right decision, I wondered? Was it better to be a free and honest village schoolmistress or Rochester's mistress?

I felt now that I was right when I adhered to principle and law, and hated and crushed the insane promptings of a frenzied moment. God directed me to a correct choice: I thanked His providence for the guidance!

St. John interrupted my dreaminess to offer me a gift from his sisters: a watercolor box, pencils, and paper. I assured him that I was happy with my new position. Seeing that I was discontent, he told me his story. He, too, felt he had made a mistake by entering the ministry

and longed for an exciting literary or political career, a profession that might bring him glory, fame, and power. Then one day he heard God's call, telling him to become a missionary, work requiring the best skills of the soldier, statesman, and orator. St. John had only to cut one more human tie and he was going to leave for India to fulfill his dream.

After he said this, our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a beautiful young woman dressed in pure white: Rosamond Oliver. The young girl had regular and delicate features; eyes shaped and coloured as we saw them in lovely pictures, large, and dark, and full; the long and shadowy eyelash which encircles a fine eye with so soft a fascination; the penciled brow which gave such clearness; the white smooth forehead, which added such repose to the livelier beauties of tint and ray; the cheek oval, fresh, and smooth; the lips, fresh too, ruddy, healthy, sweetly formed; the even and gleaming teeth without flaw; the small dimpled chin; the ornament of rich, thick hair — all advantages, in short, which, combined, realised the ideal of beauty, were fully hers. I wondered, as I looked at this fair creature: I admired her with my whole heart. Nature had surely formed her in a partial mood; and, forgetting her usual limited step-mother hand out of gifts, had endowed this, her darling, with a grand-dame's bounty.

I wondered what St. John thought of this earthly angel? Given the sudden fire I saw in his eye, I imagined he had to be in love with Rosamond.

Comprehensive tasks:

I. Answer the following questions:

1. How did new Jane's apartment and job differ from the previous in Thornfield?
2. Was Jane satisfied with her new position? Find the proofs in the chapter.
3. What did Jane find out about St. John after their meeting with Miss Oliver?
4. Who was Miss Oliver?
5. What was Jane's opinion about this young woman?

II. Match the halves of the sentences:

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| 1) Some of new Jane's students were | a) young girl with regular and delicate features. |
| 2) Jane was pleased of | b) helped Jane to teach sometimes |
| 3) Miss Oliver promised to | c) obedient and wanted to learn, while others were rough and unruly. |
| 4) Miss Oliver was | d) Miss Oliver with my whole heart |
| 5) Jane admired | e) being adhered to principle and law |

III. Fill in the blanks with prepositions or adverbs:

1. Chest of drawers was small, yet too large to be filled _____ my scanty wardrobe.
2. He would leave _____ India to fulfill his dream.
3. Let me not hate and despise myself too much _____ these feelings.
4. I admired her _____ my whole heart.
5. She turned twice to gaze _____ him as she tripped fairy-like down the field.

IV. Translate the following sentences into Ukrainian:

1. What did St. John Rivers think of this earthly angel? I naturally asked myself that question as I saw him turn to her and look at her; and, as naturally, I sought the answer to the inquiry in his countenance.
2. This spectacle of another's suffering and sacrifice rapt my thoughts from exclusive meditation on my own.
3. I felt desolate to a degree. I felt — yes, idiot that I am — I felt degraded. I doubted I had taken a step which sank instead of raising me in the scale of social existence.
4. Then one day he heard God's call, telling him to become a missionary, work requiring the best skills of the soldier, statesman, and orator. St. John has only to cut one more human tie and he will leave for India to fulfill his dream.
5. Diana Rivers had designated her brother inexorable as death. She had not exaggerated.

CHAPTER XIV

After working with my students for a while, I discovered some intelligence among them. I was even surprised by their progress and began personally to like some of the girls — and they liked me. I taught them grammar, geography, history, and needlework. Despite my popularity within the community and my growing happiness with my job, I was still troubled by strange dreams at night in which I always met Rochester. Rosamond Oliver visited the school almost every day, usually when St. John was giving his daily catechism lesson. Although he knew Rosamond loved him, and he obviously loved her, St. John was not willing to sacrifice his heavenly ambition for worldly pleasure. When Rosamond learned that I could draw, she asked me to make a portrait.

It was the 5th of November, and a holiday. The translation of a few pages of German occupied an hour; then I got my palette and pencils, and fell to the more calming, because easier occupation, of completing Rosamond Oliver's miniature.

"I have come to see how you are spending your holiday," St. John said. "Not, I hope, in thought? No, that is well: while you draw you will not feel lonely. You see, I mistrust you still, though you have borne up wonderfully so far".

He had brought me a book of poetry, Sir Walter Scott's *Marmion*. St. John gazed at Rosamond's picture.

"With all his firmness and self-control," thought I, "he tasks himself too far: locks every feeling and pang within — expresses, confesses, imparts

nothing. I am sure it would benefit him to talk a little about this sweet Rosamond, whom he thinks he ought not to marry: I will make him talk."

I said first, "Take a chair, Mr. Rivers." But he answered, as he always did, that he could not stay. "Very well," I responded, mentally, "stand if you like; but you shall not go just yet, I am determined: loneliness is at least as bad for you as it is for me. I'll try if I cannot discover the secret spring of your confidence, and find a hole in that marble breast through which I can spread one drop of the balm of sympathy."

"Is this portrait like?" I asked directly.

"Like! Like whom? I did not observe it closely."

"You did, Mr. Rivers."

While St. John gazed at Rosamond's picture, I offered to make him a copy, then, being provocative, I suggested that he married Rosamond at once. For exactly fifteen minutes, St. John imagined himself surrender to Rosamond, allowing human love to overflow him with its pleasures. Although St. John loved Rosamond wildly, he knew she wouldn't be a good wife for him, and he'd probably tire of her in twelve months. Rosamond wouldn't make an effective missionary's wife, and St. John wasn't willing to give up his goals, because he was a cold, hard, ambitious man. As we sat talking, St. John suddenly noticed something on my clear piece of paper. I didn't know what it was, but he tore out the paper, and then shot me a peculiar and inexpressible glance. He replaced the paper, tearing a narrow slip from the margin, and then bid me good-afternoon.

Comprehensive tasks:

I. Answer the following questions:

1. Does Jane's mood change in a month of her new job? How?
2. Why does St. Jones refuse to love Miss Oliver?
3. What are Rosamond's feelings?
4. What kind of man is Mr. Oliver?
5. What do the Olivers think of Jane?

II. Find the synonyms to the given words in the chapter. Make up your own sentences with the words you found, write them down.

bother hardness useful pay attention view
have no confidence say desolation proffit

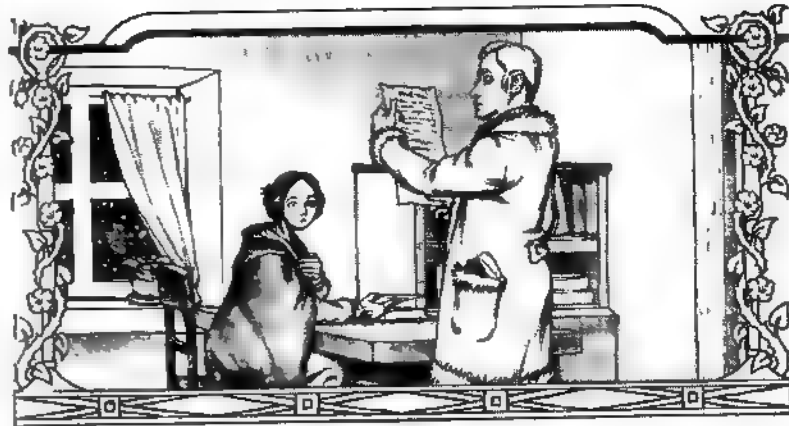
III. Fill in the blanks with prepositions or adverbs:

1. He tore _____ the paper, and then shot me a peculiar and inexpressible glance.
2. I mistrust you still, though you have borne _____ wonderfully so far.
3. I was even surprised _____ their progress.
4. I was still troubled _____ strange dreams at night in which I always met Rochester.
5. I got my palette and pencils, and fell _____ the more calming, because easier occupation.

IV. Finish the sentences in your own words:

1. Jane's new job was ...
2. Despite his feelings, St. John ...
3. The Olivers think Jane soon ...
4. Jane spend holiday ...
5. St. John tasks himself too far: ...

V. Retell the story in the words of St. John.



CHAPTER XXV

While a snowstorm whirled outside, I sat reading "Marmion". Suddenly, I heard a noise at the door: it was St. John. After a long delay, he told my own story, ending by saying that finding Jane Eyre had become a matter of serious urgency. St. John explained that he had discovered my true identity from the paper he tore from my art supplies, which had the name Jane Eyre inscribed on it. The reason everyone had been looking for me was that my uncle, Mr. Eyre of Madeira, was dead and had left his entire fortune to me, so I was now rich. I was astonished to learn I had inherited twenty thousand pounds and wished I had a family to share it with.

As St. John prepared to leave, I asked why Mr. Briggs, Eyre's attorney, sent him a letter inquiring about my whereabouts. St. John completed the story: his full name was St. John Eyre Rivers, so the Rivers were my cousins. I

felt I had found a brother and two sisters to love and admire; relatives, in my opinion, were real wealth, wealth to the heart. Now I had the opportunity to profit those who had saved my life. I decided to share my legacy with them, to divide it into four pieces, making five thousand pounds each. That way, justice would be done, and I would have a home and family. St. John reminded me of the noble place I could take in society with twenty thousand pounds, but I insisted that I'd rather have love.

Christmas had arrived and I was closing the Morton school. I was happy to discover that I was beloved by the girls and promised to visit the school for an hour each week. St. John asked me if I wouldn't like to dedicate my life to working with the poor, but I wanted to enjoy myself, as well as cultivating others. I set off for Moor House to prepare for the arrival of Diana and Mary.

St. John showed a disappointing lack of interest in the renovations I had done at Moor House, but Diana and Mary highly appreciated my hard work. The women spent the week in merry domestic atmosphere, a pleasure St. John couldn't enjoy. He told them Rosamond Oliver was to be married to a Mr. Granby, but the news didn't seem to upset him. To me, St. John seemed more distant than before we had known we were cousins.

One day when I sat home with a cold, St. John suddenly asked me to give up German lessons and learn Hindustani, the language he was studying in preparation for his missionary work. Slowly, St. John took more control over me, taking away

my freedom; I didn't enjoy my new dependence. I was also stricken with sadness, because I was unable to discover what had happened to Rochester since I had left him. Then St. John surprised me. In six weeks, St. John would leave for India, and he wanted me to accompany him, as his wife. If I went to India, I knew I would die soon, but I agreed to go anyway — if I could go as his sister, not his wife, because we didn't love each other as husband and wife should. St. John insisted on the marriage. After much discussion, we were unable to overcome the obstacle of the marriage issue, so St. John asked me to think about his proposal for a couple of weeks. He warned me that rejecting his proposal meant rejecting God.

Comprehensive tasks:

I. Answer the following questions:

1. What new twist in Jane's fate is described in this Chapter?
2. Was Jane glad to her inheritance at the first moments? Why?
3. How did St. John try to persuade Jane not to share her legacy?
4. What was more important for Jane than money?
5. Do the events in Chapter seem unrealistic, or improbable, to you? Explain.

II. Why did St. John ask Jane to go to India with him as his wife? How did she answer him?

III. Fill in the blanks with prepositions or adverbs:

1. The reason everyone had been looking _____ me is that my uncle had left his entire fortune to me.
2. St. John reminded me _____ the noble place I could take in society.
3. I set my back _____ the door.
4. In six weeks, St. John would leave _____ India.
5. St. John explained that he had discovered my true identity _____ the paper he tore from my art supplies.

IV. Continue the sentences in your own words:

1. St. John guessed that Jane was ...
2. The position in the society wasn't
3. Having got her legacy Jane decided ...
4. After St. John's story Jane realized

V. What will happen next? Write five questions you would like to know about how the story goes on. Make sure each question is about a different character.

VI. Explain the meaning of these phrases in your own words.

1. to dedicate one's life - _____
2. inquiring about my whereabouts - _____
3. cultivating others - _____
4. merry domestic atmosphere - _____
5. to overcome the obstacle - _____

CHAPTER XXVI

Rather than leave for Cambridge the next day, St. John delayed his trip for a week. During that time, he cunningly punished me for not obeying him. Remembering that he once saved my life, I tried to reconcile with him, asking him to treat me as a kinswoman, rather than a stranger. I told him I kept my resolution not to marry him, and added that he was literally killing me with his icy chill. But my words didn't help; instead, they made him hate me. St. John accused me of breaking my promise of going to India, and I invoked the reader's memory, asking to confirm that I had never given him a formal promise. Before going to India, I wanted to be certain I couldn't be of greater use in England. St. John recognized that I referred to Rochester, and told me I should crush this lawless and unsanctified attachment. He then left for a walk.

Recognizing that St. John and I had quarrelled, Diana discussed the situation with me.

"Jane," she said, "you are always agitated and pale now. I am sure there is something the matter. Tell me what business St. John and you have on hands. I have watched you this half hour from the window; you must forgive my being such a spy, but for a long time I have fancied I hardly know what St. John is a strange being —"

She paused — I did not speak: soon she resumed —

"That brother of mine cherishes peculiar views of some sort respecting you, I am sure: he has long distinguished you by a notice and interest he never showed to anyone else — to what end? I wish he loved you — does he, Jane?"

I put her cool hand to my hot forehead; "No, Die, not one shadow."

"Then why does he follow you so with his eyes, and get you so frequently alone with him, and keep you so continually at his side? Mary and I had both concluded he wished you to marry him."

"He does — he has asked me to be his wife."

Diana clapped her hands. "That is just what we hoped and thought! And you will marry him, Jane, won't you? And then he will stay in England."

"Far from that, Diana; his sole idea in proposing to me is to obtain a fitting fellow-labourer in his Indian hard work."

"What! He wishes you to go to India?"

"Yes."

"Madness!" she exclaimed. "You would not live three months there, I am certain. You never shall go: you have not agreed, have you, Jane?"

"I have refused to marry him —"

"And have consequently displeased him?" she suggested.

"Deeply: he will never forgive me, I fear: yet I offered to accompany him as his sister."

"It was nonsense to do so, Jane. Think of the task you undertook — one of continuous weariness where weariness kills even the strong, and you are weak. St. John — you know him — would insist you to impossibilities: with him there would be no permission to rest during the hot hours; and unfortunately, I have noticed, whatever he exacts, you force yourself to perform. I am astonished you found courage to refuse his hand. You do not love him then, Jane?"

"Not as a husband."

"Yet he is a handsome fellow."

"And I am so plain, you see, Die. We should never suit."

"Plain! You? Not at all. You are much too pretty, as well as too good, to be grilled alive in Calcutta." And again she earnestly begged me to give up all thoughts of going out with her brother.

"I must indeed," I said; "for when just now I repeated the offer of serving him for a deacon, he expressed himself shocked at my want of decency. He seemed to think I had committed an impropriety in proposing to accompany him unmarried: as if I had not from the first hoped to find in him a brother, and habitually regarded him as such."

"What makes you say he does not love you, Jane?"

"You should hear himself on the subject. He has again and again explained that it is not himself, but his office he wishes to mate. He has told me I am formed for labour — not for love: which is true, no doubt. But, in my opinion, if I am not formed for love, it follows that I am not formed for marriage. Would it not be strange, Die, to be chained for life to a man who regarded one but as a useful tool?"

Following dinner that evening, St. John prayed for me and I felt respect for his talent and oratorical powers. At this moment, I was tempted to weaken to his influences and marry him.

"My prayers are heard!" ejaculated St. John.

The entire house was quiet, except for St. John and me. Suddenly, I felt an electric shock passed through my body, and the words, "Jane! Jane! Jane!" repeated in Rochester's voice. For me, this was not superstition, but nature, saving me from a grave error. Now I was able to oppose St. John's power.

Comprehensive tasks:

I. Answer the following questions:

1. With whom or what did Jane struggle in this Chapter?
2. Did any event in this Chapter seem unrealistic, or improbable, to you? Explain.
3. Jane came close to changing her mind about marrying St. John. Why?
4. What did her response to Rochester's voice suggest about her values and feelings?
5. What conflicts seemed to be troubling her?
6. Jane had mixed feeling about St. John. Do you share those feelings?

II. Write a psychological profile of St. John.

While writing think of the questions:

- How did St. John generally behave towards his sisters?
- What did his response to his Rosamond Oliver reveal about him?
- What was his attitude toward Jane Eyre?
- How did St. John describe himself?
- How did others describe him?
- In what way did St. John provide a foil, or contrast, to Rochester?
- What traits in St. John attracted Jane and what traits repelled her?

III. Find the synonyms to the given words in the chapter. Make up your own sentences with the words you found, write them down.

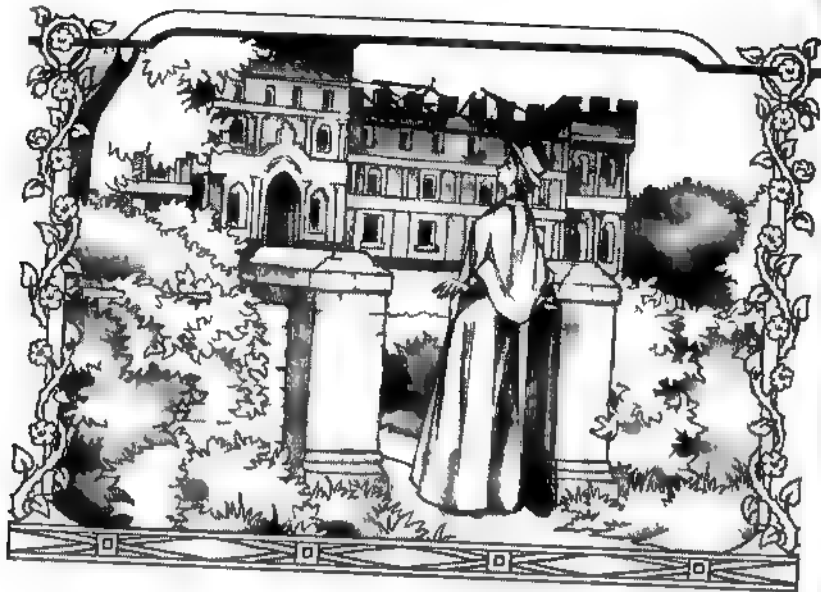
decision simply call on affirm nurse
imagine often decide deny dissatisfied
assume seriously

IV. Fill in the blanks with prepositions or adverbs:

1. St. John accused me _____ breaking my promise.
2. I couldn't be _____ greater use in England.
3. Why does he follow you so _____ his eyes.
4. She earnestly begged me to give _____ all thoughts of going out with her brother.
5. He expressed himself shocked _____ my want of decency.

V. Translate the following sentences into English in written form:

1. Щиро, глибоко, гаряче я бажала лише збити те, що правильно, — більше нічого.
2. Я могла опиратися гніву Сент-Джона, але перед його добротою схилялася, як слабкий очерет.
3. У всякої обдарованої людини, будь вона людиною сильних пристрастей, або фанатом віри, або просто деспотом, — якщо тільки вона щира у своїх прагненнях, — бувають хвилини такого підйому, коли вона панує.
4. Яка боротьба відбувалася в ньому між природними почуттями і свідомістю обов'язку — не знаю.



CHAPTER XXVII

At dawn the next morning, I rose. St. John slid a note under my door, I took it up. It bore these words —

“You left me too suddenly last night. Had you stayed but a little longer, you would have laid your hand on the Christian’s cross and the angel’s crown. I shall expect your clear decision when I return this day fortnight. Meantime, watch and pray that you enter not into temptation: the spirit, I trust, is willing, but the flesh, I see, is weak. I shall pray for you hourly. — Yours, St. John.”

It was the first of June, yet the day was chilly and overcast. I wandered about the house, thinking about the previous night’s visitation: Was it a

delusion? It seemed to come from me, not from the external world. At breakfast, I told Diana and Mary I would be away at least four days. I caught a coach at Whitcross, the same one I came from Thornfield a year earlier.

Alighting from the coach, I found myself again on Rochester’s lands. I was anxious to see him again and hurried the two miles from the coach stop to the house, worrying that he might be in Europe. Like a lover who wished to catch a glimpse of his lover’s face without waking her, then found she was stone dead, I was appalled by the sight that awaited me: Thornfield was a blackened ruin. What was the story behind this disaster, I wondered? I returned to the inn near the coach station, the Rochester Arms, to find an answer.

I discovered that Bertha Mason had set the house on fire last autumn. Before this happened, Rochester had shut himself up like a hermit in the house, as if he had gone mad.

When the fire broke out, Rochester saved the servants.

“Then he went up to the attics when all was burning above and below,” the host goes on, “to get his mad wife out of her cell. And then the servants called out to him that she was on the roof, where she was standing, waving her arms, above the battlements, and shouting out till they could hear her a mile off: I saw her and heard her with my own eyes. She was a big woman, and had long black hair: we could see it streaming against the flames as she stood. I witnessed, and several more

witnessed, Mr. Rochester rose through the skylight on to the roof; we heard him call 'Bertha' We saw him approach her; and then, ma'am, she yelled and gave a spring, and the next minute she lay smashed on the pavement. Poor Mr. Edward!" he exclaimed, "I little thought ever to have seen it! Some say it was a just judgment on him for keeping his first marriage secret, and wanting to take another wife while he had one living: but I pity him, for my part."

"You said he was alive?" I cried.

"Yes, yes: he is alive; but many think he had better be dead."

"Why? How?" My blood was again running cold.

"Where is he?" I demanded. "Is he in England?"

"Ay — ay — he's in England; he can't get out of England, I fancy — he's attached now."

What agony was this! And the man seemed resolved to continue it. Rochester had lost his sight and one of his hands in the fire. He now lived in Ferndean with two old servants, John and Mary.

"Have you any sort of carriage?"

"We have a phaeton, ma'am, a very handsome phaeton."

"Let it be got ready instantly; and if your post-boy can drive me to Ferndean before dark this day, I'll pay both you and him twice the hire you usually demand."

Comprehension tasks:

I. Answer the following questions:

1. Why did Jane decide to go to Thornfield Hall?
2. What happened to the Thornfield Hall?
3. What did Jane find out about Mr. Rochester?

II. Finish the sentences in your own words:

1. On the way to Thornfield Jane thought ...
2. There was a terrible fire, which ...
3. From the host of the inn Jane found out ...
4. Found out that Mr. Rochester was alive Jane decides

III. Fill in the blanks with prepositions or adverbs:

1. I looked forward to catch the first view _____ the well-known woods.
2. What was the story _____ this disaster, I wondered?
3. That woman set the house _____ fire last year.
4. Her hair was streaming _____ the flames as she stood.
5. They had believed me to be _____ any friends save them.

IV. Describe Jane's feelings she experienced during the Chapter. How did they change?

CHAPTER XXVIII

The manor-house of Ferndean was a building of considerable antiquity, moderate size, and no architectural pretensions, deep buried in a wood. I had heard of it before. Mr. Rochester often spoke of it, and sometimes went there. His father had purchased the estate for the sake of the game covers. He would have let the house, but could find no tenant, in consequence of its ineligible and insalubrious site. Ferndean then remained uninhabited and unfurnished, with exception of some two or three rooms fitted up for the accommodation of the squire when he went there in the season to shoot.

"Can there be life here?" I asked.

Yes, life of some kind was there; for I heard a movement — that narrow front-door was unclosing, and some shape was about to issue from the grange. The door opened slowly: a figure came out into the twilight and stood on the step; a man without a hat: he stretched forth his hand as if to feel whether it rained. Dusk as it was, I had recognized him — it was my master, Edward Fairfax Rochester, and no other.

I noted that his body hadn't changed, but his face looked desperate and brooding.

And, reader, do you think I feared him in his blind ferocity? — if you do, you little know me. A soft hope blessed with my sorrow that soon I should dare to drop a kiss on that brow of rock, and on those lips so sternly sealed beneath it: but not yet. I would not accost him yet.

After Rochester had returned to the house, I knocked the door. Marry was surprised to see me so late at night and in this lonely place.

She started as if she had seen a ghost: I calmed her. To her hurried "Is it really you, miss, come at this late hour to this lonely place?" I answered by taking her hand; and then I followed her into the kitchen, where John now sat by the fire. I explained to them, in few words, that I had heard all which had happened since I left Thornfield, and that I had come to see Mr. Rochester.

Just at this moment the parlour-bell rang.

"When you go in," said I, "tell your master that a person wishes to speak to him, but do not give my name."

"I don't think he will see you," she answered; "he refuses everybody."

When she returned, I inquired what he had said. "You are to send in your name and your business," she replied. She then proceeded to fill a glass with water, and placed it on a tray, together with candles.

"Is that what he rang for?" I asked.

"Yes: he always has candles brought in at dark, though he is blind."

"Give the tray to me; I will carry it in."

I volunteered to carry it instead. As I walked into the parlor, Rochester's dog, Pilot, was excited to see me, almost knocking the tray from my hand. Rochester wondered what was wrong.

I approached him with the now only half-filled glass; Pilot followed me, still excited.

"What is the matter?" he inquired.

"Down, Pilot!" I said. He checked the water on its way to his lips, and seemed to listen: he drank, and put the glass down. "This is you, Mary, is it not?"

"Mary is in the kitchen," I answered.

He put out his hand with a quick gesture, but not seeing where I stood, he did not touch me.

"Who is this? Who is this?" he demanded, trying, as it seemed, to see with those sightless eyes — unavailing and distressing attempt! "Answer me — speak again!" he ordered, imperiously and aloud.

"Will you have a little more water, sir? I spilt half of what was in the glass," I said.

"Who is it? What is it? Who speaks?"

"Pilot knows me, and John and Mary know I am here. I came only this evening." I answered.

"Great God! — what delusion has come over me? What sweet madness has seized me?"

"No delusion — no madness: your mind, sir, is too strong for delusion, your health too sound for frenzy."

"And where is the speaker? Is it only a voice? Oh! I cannot see, but I must feel, or my heart will stop and my brain burst. Whatever — whoever you are — be perceptible to the touch or I cannot live!"

He gropped; I arrested his wandering hand, and prisoned it in both mine.

Realizing I was in the room with him, Rochester initially thought I was only a disembodied voice. He grabbed my hand, and wrapped me in his arms. I assured him I was not a dream and promised to stay with him forever.

The next morning, as we wandered through the woods, I tell Rochester the story of my experiences during the year we'd been apart. Rochester was

jealous of St. John Rivers, believing I had fallen in love with my handsome cousin. I assured him I could never love the cold and despotic St. John. He proposed to me, and I accepted. Rochester then apologized for trying to make me his mistress; he now regreted that decision.

"Some days since: now, I can number them — four; it was last Monday night, a singular mood came over me: one in which grief replaced frenzy — sorrow, sullenness. I had long had the impression that since I could nowhere find you, you must be dead. Late that night — perhaps it might be between eleven and twelve o'clock — ere I retired to my dreary rest, I supplicated God, that, if it seemed good to Him, I might soon be taken from this life, and admitted to that world to come, where there was still hope of rejoining Jane."

"I was in my own room, and sitting by the window, which was open: it soothed me to feel the balmy night-air; though I could see no stars and only by a vague, luminous haze, knew the presence of a moon. I longed for you, Janet! Oh, I longed for you both with soul and flesh! I asked of God, at once in anguish and humility, if I had not been long enough desolate, afflicted, tormented; and might not soon taste bliss and peace once more. That I merited all I endured, I acknowledged — that I could scarcely endure more, I pleaded; and the alpha and omega of my heart's wishes broke involuntarily from my lips in the words — 'Jane! Jane! Jane!'"

I didn't tell him about my similar experience, because I didn't want to upset him in his weakened state. Rochester thanked God for his mercy, vowing to live a purer life from then on.

Comprehensive tasks:

I. Answer the following questions:

1. How did Rochester say he felt in Jane's absence? What spiritual change had occurred in Rochester?
2. Did Jane and Rochester still feel the same way about each other? Explain.
3. Were Jane and Mr. Rochester equals when they married or was one more powerful than the other?
4. In what ways did Jane's attitude to life and the way she reacted towards Mr. Rochester seem old-fashioned? In what ways does it seem modern?

II. Look at these words:

Education — love — madness — romance —
social class — beauty — family — religion —
money — pleasure — lies — society —
marriage — friendship

Arrange them in order from the most to least important in the story, explain your decision.

III. Continue the sentences in your own words:

1. Mr. Rochester appeared to be jealous
2. He sat quietly in a chair, but not easy: it was evident that he was waiting; ...
3. After dinner, he asked me endlessly ...
4. Living-room seemed bleak ...



CHAPTER XXIX – CONCLUSION

Reader, I married him. A quiet wedding we had: he and I, the parson and clerk, were alone present. When we got back from church, I went into the kitchen of the manor-house, where Mary was cooking the dinner and John cleaning the knives, and I said —

“Mary, I have been married to Mr. Rochester this morning.” The housekeeper and her husband were both of that decent phlegmatic order of people, to whom one may at any time safely communicate a remarkable piece of news without running into the danger of having one's ears pierced by some loud exclamation, and subsequently astonished by a torrent of wordy wonderment. Mary did look up, and she did stare at me: the bail with which she was basting a pair of chickens roasting at the fire, did for some

three minutes hang in air; and for the same space of time John's knives also had rest from the polishing process: but Mary, bending again over the roast, said only —

"Have you, Miss? Well, for sure!"

A short time after she continued — "I saw you go out with the master, but I didn't know you were gone to church to be wed;" and she basted away. John, when I turned to him, was grinning from ear to ear.

"I told Mary how it would be," he said: "I knew what Mr. Edward" (John was an old servant, and had known his master when he was the cadet of the house, therefore, he often gave him his Christian name) — "I knew what Mr. Edward would do; and I was certain he would not wait long neither: and he's done right, for aught I know. I wish you joy, Miss!" and he politely pulled his wig.

"Thank you, John. Mr. Rochester told me to give you and Mary this." I put into his hand a five-pound note. Without waiting to hear more, I left the kitchen. In passing the door of that sanctum sometime after, I caught the words —

"She'll happen do better neither for him nor only you grand ladies." And again, "If she been one of the handsomest, she's non fall and vary good-natured; and in his eyes she's fair beautiful, anybody may see that."

I wrote to Moor House and to Cambridge immediately, to say what I had done: fully explaining also why I had thus acted. Diana and Mary approved the step unreservedly. Diana

announced that she would just give me time to get over the honeymoon, and then she would come and see me.

"She had better not wait till then, Jane," said Mr. Rochester, when I read her letter to him; "if she does, she will be too late, for our honeymoon will shine our life long: its beams will only fade over your grave or mine."

How St. John received the news, I didn't know: he never answered the letter in which I communicated it: yet six months after he wrote to me, without, however, mentioning Mr. Rochester's name or alluding to my marriage. His letter was then calm, and, though very serious, kind. He had maintained a regular, though not frequent, correspondence ever since: he hoped I was happy, and trusted I was not of those who lived without God in the world, and only minded earthly things.

You had not quite forgotten little Adele, had you, reader? I had not; I soon asked and obtained leave of Mr. Rochester, to go and see her at the school where he had placed her. Her frantic joy at beholding me again moved me much. She looked pale and thin: she said she was not happy. I found the rules of the establishment were too strict, its course of study too severe for a child of her age: I took her home with me. I meant to become her governess once more, but I soon found this impracticable; my time and cares were now required by another — my husband needed them all. So I sought out a school conducted on a more permissive system, and near enough to permit

of my visiting her often, and bringing her home sometimes. I took care she should never want for anything that could bring into her comfort: she soon settled in her new home, became very happy there, and made fair progress in her studies. As she grew up, a sound English education corrected in a great measure her French defects; and when she left school, I found in her a pleasing and obliging companion: docile, good-tempered, and well-principled. By her grateful attention to me and mine, she had long since well repaid any little kindness I ever had it in my power to offer her.

My tale drew to its close: one word respecting my experience of married life, and one brief glance at the fortunes of those whose names have most frequently recurred in this narrative, and I have done.

I have now been married ten years. I know what it is to live entirely for and with what I love best on earth: I hold myself supremely blest — blest beyond what language can express; because I am my husband's life as fully as he is mine. No woman has ever been nearer to her mate than I am: ever more absolutely bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. I know no weariness of my Edward's society: he knows none of mine, any more than we each do of the pulsation of the heart that beat in our separate bosoms; consequently, we are ever together. To be together is for us to be at once as free as in solitude, as gay as in company. We talk, I believed, all day long: to talk to each other is but a more animated and an clear thinking. All my confidence is granted on

him, all his confidence is devoted to me; we are precisely suited in character — perfect consent was the result.

Mr. Rochester continued blind the first two years of our union; perhaps it was that circumstance that drew us so very near — that knit us so very close: for I was then his vision, as I was still his right hand. Literally, I was (what he often called me) the apple of his eye. He saw nature — he saw books through me; and never did I tire of gazing for his behalf, and of putting into words the effect of field, tree, town, river, cloud, sunbeam — of the landscape before us; of the weather round us — and impressing by sound on his ear what light could no longer stamp on his eye. Never did I tire of reading to him; never did I tire of conducting him where he wished to go: of doing for him what he wished to be done. And there was a pleasure in my services, most full, most exquisite, even though sad — because he claimed these services without painful shame or damping humiliation. He loved me so truly, that he knew no reluctance in profiting by my attendance: he felt I loved him so fondly, that to yield that attendance was to gratify my sweetest wishes.

One morning at the end of the two years, as I was writing a letter to his dictation, he came and bent over me, and said — “Jane, have you a shining ornament round your neck?”

I had a gold watch-chain: I answered “Yes.”

“And have you a pale blue dress on?”

I had. He informed me then, that for some time he had fancied the uncertainty clouding one eye was becoming less thick; and that now he was sure of it.

He and I went up to London. He had the advice of an outstanding oculist; and he eventually recovered the sight of that one eye. He cannot now see very distinctly: he cannot read or write much; but he can find his way without being led by the hand: the sky is no longer a emptiness to him — the earth no longer a gap. When his first-born was put into his arms, he could see that the boy had inherited his own eyes, as they once were — large, brilliant, and black. On that occasion, he again, with a full heart, acknowledged that God had tempered judgment with mercy.

My Edward and I, then, are happy: and the more so, because those we most love are happy likewise. Diana and Mary Rivers are both married: in turn, once every year, they come to see us, and we go to see them. Diana's husband is a captain in the navy, a gallant officer and a good man. Mary's is a clergyman, a college friend of her brother's, and, from his attainments and principles, worthy of the connection. Both Captain Fitzjames and Mr. Wharton love their wives, and are loved by them.

As to St. John Rivers, he left England: he went to India. He entered on the path he had marked for himself; he pursues it still. A more resolute, tireless pioneer never wrought amidst rocks and dangers. Firm, faithful, and devoted, full of energy, and zeal, and truth, he

labours for his race; he clears their painful way to improvement. He may be hard; he may be exacting; he may be ambitious yet; but his is the hardness of the fighter Greatheart, who guards his pilgrim escort from the attacks of Apollyon. His is the exaction of the apostle, who speaks but for Christ, when he says — "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." His is the ambition of the high master-spirit, which aims to fill a place in the first rank of those who are redeemed from the earth — who stand without fault before the throne of God, who share the last mighty victories of the Lamb, who are called, and chosen, and faithful.

St. John is unmarried: he never will marry now. He has still lasted to the toil, and the toil draws near its close: his glorious sun hurries to its setting. The last letter I received from him drew from my eyes human tears, and yet filled my heart with divine joy: he anticipated his sure reward, his incorruptible crown. I know that a stranger's hand will write to me next, to say that the good and faithful servant has been called at length into the joy of his Lord. And why weep for this? No fear of death will darken St. John's last hour: his mind will be unclouded, his heart will be undaunted, his hope will be sure, his faith stead fast. His own words are a pledge of this —

"My Master," he says, "has forewarned me. Daily He announces more distinctly, — 'Surely I come quickly!' and hourly I more eagerly respond, — 'Amen; even so come, Lord Jesus!'"

Comprehensive tasks:

I. Answer the following questions:

1. Do you find ending of the novel satisfying? Why or why not?
2. Review passages in the novel that include descriptions of the weather. How does the use of weather help establish mood?
3. Review the different settings: Gateshead, Lowood, Thornfield, Moor House, and Ferndean Manor. Explain the impact each locate has on Jane's growth and development as a character.
4. Jane Eyre told her own story in the novel. How important is point of view in the book? How might the story have been different if it had been told from a third person point of view? From another character's point of view?

II. Make a map in which you track Jane's journeys in the novel.

III. Write a composition in which you compare the role and social standing of a governess in the Victorian Age to a nanny in today's society.

IV. Find at least two examples in the novel in which dreams and visions play an important role in the characters' lives and decisions. Explain your choice.

After Reading Tests

1. Who was sitting in the drawing room in the cold, wet November afternoon?
 - a) Jane, Elisa, and John.
 - b) Jane, Elisa, Georgiana and John.
 - c) Jane, Georgiana and John.
2. Who rose to bid Jane farewell?
 - a) Elisa and Georgiana.
 - b) Mrs. Reed.
 - c) None of the family.
3. Why did Helen Burns keep silence when Miss Scatcherd chastised her?
 - a) She was too afraid to even utter a word.
 - b) She made Christ's word 'love your enemies' her rule.
 - c) She promised the schoolmaster to train her patience.
4. What did Helen die of?
 - a) typhus.
 - b) consumption.
 - c) cholera.
5. What was the age of children Jane wanted to work with?
 - a) under 14.
 - b) under 18.
 - c) under 10.
6. How did Mrs. Fairfax characterize the Rochesters?
 - a) as a violent rather than a quiet family.

- b) as a quiet rather than a violent family.
- c) as a peculiar rather than a quiet family.

7. What was her first meeting with Mr. Rochester?

- a) She helped him when he fell from his horse.
- b) He came to the classroom where she was teaching the girl.
- c) He invited her to take tea with him the next day after his arrival.

8. What did Jane first answer when Mr. Rochester asked her about his appearance?

- a) that he wasn't handsome.
- b) that tastes mostly differ.
- c) that the beauty was of little consequence.

9. When Jane heard a demoniac laugh outside of her bedroom door she thought of...

- a) Grace Poole.
- b) Pilot, Rochester's dog.
- c) Adele.

10. When Mr. Rochester summoned Jane and Adele to meet the party, Jane was...

- a) enthusiastic.
- b) melancholic.
- c) nervous.

11. Who came to the party?

- a) a gypsy woman, old Mother Bunches.
- b) a priest, old Father John.
- c) a doctor, old Doctor Rocks.

12. What explanation did Mr. Rochester give to his guests about a heart-stopping cry for help?

- a) Robbers had broken in.

- b) The house was on fire.
- c) The noise was simply a servant having a bad dream.

13. Why did Jane ask for a leave of absence?

- a) She wanted to have a rest.
- b) She was asked to visit Mrs. Reeds.
- c) She was asked to visit the schoolmaster.

14. How long did she stay at Gateshead?

- a) for a week.
- b) for a month.
- c) for a day.

15. What was Mrs. Fairfax's response to the news of Jane's engagement?

- a) She was worried.
- b) She was happy.
- c) She was upset.

16. What was the nature of the obstacle to their marriage?

- a) Mr. Rochester was married.
- b) Jane was too young to marry.
- c) Jane was married.

17. Who made his / her best not to let the wedding happen?

- a) Bertha, Rochester's wife.
- b) Miss Ingrid.
- c) John Eyre, Jane's uncle.

18. What did her heart whisper her to do?

- a) Stay with the man she loved.
- b) Flee attraction.
- c) Sue Mr. Rochester.

19. How did she introduce herself to the Rivers?

- a) as Jane Elloitt.
- b) as Jane Rochester.
- c) as Jane Eyre.

20. How did Mary and Diana earn for a living?

- a) They were teachers.
- b) They were governesses.
- c) They were happily married and didn't work.

21. What position did St. John offer Jane?

- a) She could run a school for orphans in Morton.
- b) She could run a school for poor girls and boys in Morton.
- c) She could run a school for poor girls in Morton.

22. Why could St. John not marry Rosamond Oliver?

- a) He didn't love her.
- b) She didn't love him.
- c) He was not willing to sacrifice his heavenly ambition to worldly pleasure.

23. What did Jane do with the fortune she had got after her uncle's death?

- a) She became a rich woman.
- b) She donated half of it to charity.
- c) She shared her legacy with her cousins.

24. What wedding did Jane and Mr. Rochester have?

- a) Rich and marvelous, with many guests.
- b) A nice but small one, with close friends and relatives.
- c) They informed nobody that they were going to marry.